Claudian
TRANSLATED
OVT OF LATINE
INTO
ENGLISH VERSE

By *Leonard Digges* Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for ROBERT ALLOT, and
are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls*
Churchyard at the signe of the
Blacke Beare. 1628.

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To the READER.

GEntle Reader, I preſent to thy view the three firſt bookes of Claudian°, de raptu Proſerpinæ *in Engliſh Verſe: a work (how pleaſing it may proue, I know not) ſince of my Authour,* Scaliger *ſayth, he was* materia ignobiliore oppreſſus, *but* addidit de ingenio quantum defuit materiæ, *which wit, the Tranſlators harſhneſſe of ſtile may (haply) haue diminiſhed. The Reader will finde many faults; one I willingly here preuent, which is, that* Ceres *is deſcribed in the firſt booke to be drawne by ſixe Dragons, contrary to all Poets, that allow her but two: This and ſome few other errors I impute vnto the haſtineſſe of the Preſſe, which the ingenious Reader will pardon, eſpecially if the maine worke giue that light (that I hope for) to the Originall.*

Farewell.

L.D.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Hiſtoricall Senſe or meaning of the Storie.

WHen men for their ſinnes, like other creatures, were forced to ordinary foode: the bread which they ate of (as Euſebius *and* Suidas *mention) was of Acornes: and* Plutarke *writes, that after the Flood it was of the ſame. At that time,* Siculus *reigned King of* Sicilie, *whoſe wife (named* Ceres) *a woman of a ſingular apprehenſion (to trie a Concluſion) tooke ſome of the wilde Wheate, which groweth naturally ſo in that Country, and ſowed ſeedes of the ſame, and was carefull to till them: theſe in their due time produced of that Graine in great abundance, which ſhee cauſed to bee moulded into a paſte, and (finding the ſweetneſſe of it) ſtill ſowed more and more, till ſhe attained to the perfection*

fection of Tillage; (with which ſhee inſtructed all her Iſlanders) ſo that the Sicilians *were the firſt Husband-men in the world, and taught other Nations, till ſuch time as Wheate became the generall nouriſher of all men.*

The commoditie the Sicilians *reaped hereby, and the multitudes of ſuch as applyed themſelues to Tillage, were the cauſes of the diuiſions of lands (touching which,* Ceres *made ſundry lawes) ſome of which remaine euen at this day with vs: and for this cauſe the blinde* Gentiles *adored her as a goddeſſe, and conſecrated that Iſland of* Sicilie *vnto her, as to the inuentreſſe of Harueſt.*

It happened that this Ceres *had a daughter, called* Proſerpina; *who, for her exceeding beautie was affected by* Orion *King of* Epirus *and the* Moloſſians, *and by him ſtolne away in the abſence of her Mother* Ceres: *who when ſhee returned, and found that her daughter was thus gone (ignorant of the Rauiſher) went ranging vp and downe the world to finde her, and in her progreſſe ſhee ſowed all the Fields with Wheate as ſhee went, till ſuch time as ſhee found* Orion *out.*

This

This Story gaue matter to Poets, to faine, that Pluto *ſtole away* Proſerpina *from* Sicilia, *in her mothers abſence (who miſſing her at her returne) ſought her thorow the world, till ſhe had found her with two blazing lights: and knowing that ſhee was in hell with* Pluto, *requeſted of* Iupiter, *that ſhe might remaine with her one halfe of the yeere vpon Earth, and the other with her Husband* Pluto.

The Naturall Senſe of the *Storie.*

BY the perſon of *Ceres* is ſignified *Tillage.* By *Proſerpine*, the ſeedes which are ſowed, by *Pluto*, the earth that receiues them.

By the diligence that *Ceres* vſed in ſearching her daughter, is ſhewne the care that Huſband-men ought to haue in the tilling and ſowing their grounds, and reaping of their Harueſt.

By the ſixe Moneths that *Proſerpine* remained in Hell, are vnderſtood, the ſixe, in which

the ſeede is vnder ground, before the eares appeare; and by the other ſixe that ſhee is with her Mother, is ſet downe, when the corne is ripe, and in poſſeſſion of the Husbandman.

By the blazing lights, with which *Ceres* ſeekes her daughter, is meant the vigilancie of the Husbandman in prouiding for the increaſe of his harueſt.

By the lights themſelues, are ſignified the inſtruments of Husbandry, without which the Corne could hardly be reaped.

The Allegoricall Senſe.

BY Pluto *and his ſuddaine reſolution of marrying and warring againſt gods, is noted, the nature and diſpoſition of the inſolent rich man, who blinded with eaſe and plenty, deſireth immoderately all that his Concupiſcence leades him vnto.*

By the Deſtinies *that ſtriue to diuert* Pluto *from his purpoſe, is ſeene the force of heauenly power aboue humane.*

Mercurie's,

Mercurie's, *being ſent Ambaſſador to* Iupiter, *declares how neceſſarie it is that perſons of a liuely capacitie and mature iudgement, be ſent to take vp ſtrife and iarres betwixt Princes.*

By Iupiters *decree to giue* Proſerpine *for wife to* Pluto, *is ſhewne the Diuine Prouidence, that diſpoſeth better of things for vs, then we our ſelues can wiſh.*

By Proſerpine *left alone in her mothers abſence at her worke, is noted the good education of Children, to which mothers are bound, that are honeſt and carefull.*

By Ceres *leauing her alone, and* Pluto's *ſtealing her away, is put (as an example): That Mothers ought not to be ſo careleſſe of their children, as to expoſe them to ſo great a hazard of their honours.*

By Venus *Executionereſſe of* Ioues *will, and* Diana *and* Pallas *her Companions, is ſignified: that loue is a diuine connexion and bond, ordained from God, if the proceeding in the ſame bee with ſimplicity and pureneſſe of meaning.*

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Argument of the First Booke.

Pluto *enraged would marry, threatens warre*
Gainst Iupiter, *the Fates preuent their iarre:*
Swift Mercury, *Ambassador is sent*
To heauen, to tell the gods of this euent.
Ioue, Ceres *daughter doth resolue to giue*
His brother, and the meanes doth thus contriue;
whilst Ceres *absent is in* Phrygia,
Venus *must egge abroad* Proserpina:
Downe she descends the Virgin chaste to see,
Diana, Pallas, *beare her companie.*

MY lofty Muse is full, and bids me sing
The robbery of Hell's infernall king,
Grimme *Pluto*, and the Carre of *Tanarus*,
That whilome with portentions ominous
And giddie hurrie, through the blasted ayre,
Presag'd the Rape of *Proserpine* the fayre,
Ioues daughter, and the marriages euent:
Profaner eares be you from hence exempt.

And now the furie of a Spirit Diuine,
Expell's all humane feare from this of mine:
Apollo breathes in me, *Phœbus* inſpires
My braine, my quill with his moſt ſacred fires.
Now, now (me thinkes) I on a ſuddaine ſee,
The Shrine of each immortall deitie,
Shake in it's quiu'ring ſeate (vnus'd to moue)
And the Cœleſtiall rayes (that from aboue
Diſperſe their glim'ring light) forerunners are,
Of *Pluto's* iourny and ſad *Ceres* care.
The noyſe (that in the earth's deepe wombe doth ſound)
I heare, and *Athens* Temple ſo renown'd,
For her King *Cecrops* painfully doth grone,
(Doubling ſhrill Eccho's to the Cities mone:)
And *Ceres* lou'd *Eleuſis* tapers blaze
With flaring lights which to the skies they raiſe:
Triptolem's ſnakes their bloudie creſts aloft
Vpſtretch, and with confuſed murmur ſoft,
Glide their ſpot-painted bodies here and there,
At which Spectators tremble, themſelues feare:
They hiſſe, and with ſtrange accent to my Verſe
Haſten the Tragicke ſong that I rehearſe.
The three-folde *Hecate* appear's in ſight,
And lazy *Bacchus* (madding) doth affright
The eyes of mortals with his ſhiu'ring lance
Of wreathed Vines, and in a drunken dance
(Loading his Temples with an Yuie crowne,
Whoſe weight keepes his vnweldy body downe)
Knits to his necke a *Parthian* Tyger's pawes,
And skinne (that from his ſhoulder downe he drawes)
You gods (on whom *Auernus* wandring ſoules,
And multitudes of wights blacke *Styx* enroules)

Attend,

Attend, and ſuch as of their worldly crimes,
In burning *Phlegeton* bewaile the times.
You gods, you fathers, ſhew; declare to me
The ſecrets of earths vaſte concauity;
Your gouernments reueale, and myſteries
Of all thoſe great and powerfull deities.
Tell me, ſince Loue ſo lowe would neuer bend
His ſhafts, what fire could *Pluto* thus incend?
As ſnatching off from earth this *Proſerpine*,
He makes her his eternall Concubine:
Yet comforts her (that in the *Tyrants* pow'r,
Laments) by giuing *Lethe* for her dow'r.
Tell me, did *Ceres* her grieud mother know
Before, what ſhould ſucceed? or if not ſo,
When ſhe was loſt, in her diſtracted minde,
Where could ſhe hope her *Proſerpine* to finde?
That (longing for good newes) ſhee makes a vowe,
The barren earth with faireſt wheate to ſowe.
Long ſince, the diſmall Prince of *Erebus*
(Through wrath and fury growne outragious)
To ſee that he (a god) and young, alone,
Muſt leade a ſolitary life in mone,
Wanting a mate, that dayes, moneths, yeeres retire
And paſſe (regardleſſe of his quenchleſſe fire)
Impatient of delaies and full of iarre,
He ſummons all the ſupreme gods to warre;
Diſdaining they aboue ſhould note his want,
Of happy marriage to be ignorant.
Redde lips, faire eyes, ſweet lookes, ſoft cheriſhing
Confus'd embraces, limbes proportioning,
To their proportion all ſtrange delight,
Two ſoules combin'd in one, which make one white:

Like

Like yuie(twining) yuorie necke, that one,
One body, which one common breath alone,
Giues life vnto: this one, and yet not one
For (louers) each hath a Companion:
So two, when as two bodies ſtriuing moue
In *Cupids* liſts (made one by mutuall loue,)
Theſe two, that one and all as motiues are,
Egging ſterne *Pluto* to ambitious warre:
The name of father, and proud hope of ſonnes,
(Each) a fore-runner of new ſtrife becomes:
Forth-with the Monſters of infernall deepe,
Ranke out their ſquadrons, and good order keepe.
The vgly Fiends coniur'd by *Plutos* wroth,
'Gainſt higheſt *Iupiter* take ſolemne oath;
And menacing the gods in ſad array
Of battell, hels blacke banners they diſplay
Before heauens walls, and diſcord firſt appeares
(Cladde all in ruth:) in armes of ſteele ſhe beares
The portraict of her name, and next to her
Imperious Famine rageth, and baſe feare
(Plac't as a Scout, or as a Runnagate,
Againſt the foe to annoy them, cankred hate,
Deſpairefull ſorrow, raſhneſſe out of breath
March laſt (led in the rere by conqu'ring death.
'Gainſt thundring *Ioue*, the pallid Furies three
Combine themſelues, and bold *Tiſiphone*
That 'bout her head thoſe curled Snakes doth twine
With ſpinie fiſt, that of combuſtions pine
A fire-brand brandiſheth, whoſe boading light
Compaſſion moues, and megar lookes affright
Of her, the ſad beholder: 'gins to ſound (round,
Through all the Campe, and 'mongſt the hel-hounds

A ſoft retreat (at whoſe well-knowne voyce)
The pale fac't Monſters couch, and huſh their noyſe.
The *Elements*, whoſe equall qualities
For many an Age in peace could ſimpathize,
Scarce now containe, but into diſcord turne,
And faine to their olde *Chaos* would returne:
Proud *Titans* off-ſpring hope at length to ſee
Their gyues knockt off, and former libertie:
That (breaking vp hels dung'ons) once againe,
Puniſh they may the *Author* of their ſhame.
Pluto, *Aegeons* fancie now can pleaſe,
That long hath layne cubb'd vp in little eaſe,
And loſing ſtraight the Gyants hundred hands,
(Arm'd to obey the threatning Gods commands)
He muſters vp his ſeu'nteene brothers more
Vnto a ſecond Combate (for before
They plotted had 'gainſt heau'n) and now they long
Ioues thunder to retort the gods among.
VVhen ſoone the reu'rend Deſtinies that ſee
Sterne warres approach, and hels infantery
Range into battaile, with ſtout puiſſance,
And fearefull march 'gainſt heauens gates aduance:
So many horrid fiends that likely were
To put the gods, and all *Ioues* hoaſt in feare:
And (doubting leſt the terror of this fight,
The Orbes Celeſtiall endanger might)
Eu'n in the heate and danger of the rowt
They gently tread, and pace the Campe throughout;
And prouidently thus themſelues intrude
With modeſt threats, to tame the multitude:
Then proſtrate 'fore the valiant General,
With bended knees and humble lookes they fall;

(Spreading their aged Cheekes and frontes seuere,
With dangling tresses of their snowie haire.)
Their hands they ioyne, those hands that spun the thred
Of many liuing, many thousans dead;
Those hands they ioyne, to whose high soueraign'ty,
The World, and all things breathing Vassals be:
First, *Lachesis*, the eldest of the three,
And most austere, diuides in modestie
The hoary threds, which (for she nastie keepes)
Vncomb'd, they thwart and hide her wrinkled cheekes:
In her owne name, and sisters both, she greets
Blacke *Pluto*, and to mitigate his threats
'Gainst *Ioue*, first weepes: then wiping her sad eyes,
With fainting voice she to him gently cries,
And thus begins. Thou mighty king (saith she)
Great Ruler of our vaste obscuritie,
Thou (to whose sacred iudgement) the least wight
That groanes in darkenesse, and hels horrid night
Is subiect; thou, whom loyall Fates haue seru'd
So long and from thy precepts neuer swerued,
With web and spindle; thou that first giu'st breath
To all things liuing, thou, whom life and death,
Equally waite on; thou, to whom the sage
Fleet time, what ruines he in euery age
Collects, doth giue; and vnto thee the state
Of present things doth likewise consecrate:
And lastly thou, by whom, the Soules condemn'd
Haue second being, torture without end.
Seeke not (great Prince) to haue thine honor stain'd
(By breach of sacred lawes wee first ordain'd:)
Cause thy robustious troopes retire, and cease
T'incense them further 'gainst high heauens peace

Desist

Deſiſt from hoſtile armes (impietie)
Of making brother gods thine enemy;
But if thou needs wilt venter, be no more
A pow'r Diuine, but ſome wilde ſauage Bore:
Muſt Gyant race enioy a ſecond light,
And once againe outbraue in Martiall fight
Th'vnconquer'd gods? Fye *Pluto*: do not thus
Attempt a Warre ſo ſacrilegious,
And headlong caſt thy Maieſtie, forbeare;
(If Marri'ge be the cauſe; or if thou feare
Leſt *Ioue* deny thee iſſue) mildly proue
Great *Iupiter*: firſt let him heare thy loue.
Pluto heares *Lacheſis*: and though his rage
Were ſuch, as her faire ſpeech could ſcarce aſſwage;
Yet when the loftie loue ſtrooke god, might ſee,
The Siſters both to her ſoft prayers agree;
The bloud that riſeth in each blacke ſwolne vaine,
He tempereth: the Furies ſtraight proclaime
His alter'd purpoſe, eu'ry Fiend that droopes
To ſee this change, they laſh, and force hels troopes
Retire, thus was this fatall enterpriſe,
Diſmiſt, and *Pluto* calm'd by Deſtinies.
So bluſt'ring *Boreas* (when with roaring guſt,
And whirle-winde arm'd) he firſt doth lay the duſt,
Then with a ſuddaine and tempeſtuous blaſt,
(Enrag'd) he faine vpon earth's face would caſt;
Thicke ſtormes of hayle eu'n at the inſtant, when
With full ſwolne cheekes he breakes his loathed denne,
And (ſcowring the vaſte Seas) would cauſe their flouds
Ariſe (to drowne the fields and neighb'ring woods:)
Eu'n then the milder *Aeolus* reſtraines
His force, and keepes him fetter'd in ſtrong chaines.

Pluto commands that subtill *Mercury*
Ioue's sonne (being summon'd to appeare from high)
Approach his presence, and from thence be sent
To tell the gods his Vncles discontent:
The winged messenger without delay
(Swifter then thought) through the dull ayre makes way,
And with his colour'd hat, and charming rod
Forth-with appeares before th'infernall god;
Who, in the darkest Vault of all, fate (plac't
Vpon a blacke rude throne:) so meanly grac't
VVith scepter course; only his visage stout,
The horrour of his Maiestie set out:
Ouer his head hangs vp a dismall Cloud,
Which serues for cloth of state, and now aloud
'Twixt rage and griefe he groans, and faine would speak,
When, at first accent of his words (that breake
Through hearers eares) at their first hideous sound,
The royall palace and moyst chambers round
All shake againe; and at the fearefull note
The triple Porter stops his howling throat:
The three sad riuers at th'vnusuall voyce
Affrighted stand, and stop their murm'ring noise,
All hell was silent; but their king exceeds,
And to his yelling Embassie proceeds.
Ioues high-borne brood, *Cyllenian Adercurie*:
Olde *Atlas* Nephew, common deity
To heauen and hell: thou, that hast passage free
Through both the Poles, and equall liberty;
Thou, that of all the gods both high and low,
The mysteries and strict comerce dost know:
Fly hence, with speedy wing cut through the winde,
To thy vngratefull Sire thus speake our minde.

VVhat

What right haſt thou, or what prioritie,
(Cruel'ſt of all thy brothers) ouer me?
Say, Fortune blind with an vnequall hand,
(To me denying) gaue thee heau'ns command?
Yet are theſe temples honour'd with a crowne,
As well as thine, nor can thy pride beate downe
Our glory; though we want the light, thou ſhalt
Perceiue our ſtrength, when I thy walls aſſault:
Think'ſt thou the *Cyclop's* handy-worke I feare;
Or thoſe vaine claps that mocke the yeelding ayre?
Caſt downe thy darts of thunder, let them ſtrike
Affrighted mortals, we are farre vnlike
To ſuch; Know, *Iupiter*, I keepe my vowe,
And to reuenge my griefes, am ſure (though ſlowe)
VVas't not enough? I then repined not
At Fates, that firſt to my accurſed lot
Gaue this third kingdome, and depriued quite,
(Though ſatisfied) I neuer ſought for light:
Nor wiſht bright *Phœbus* might deſcend ſo farre
As my ſad palace, or the morning ſtarre
Lighten theſe vaults; when vnto thee the ſeau'n,
(That make *Charles-wayne* twinkle in ſpangled heau'n)
And millions more thy glorious ſtate adorne:
Poore I, that all in darkneſſe ſit forlorne
(Diſcomfortably mournfull) no glad ſight
Enioy, but waſte in a perpetuall night,
VVhere are no comforts to the eye or eare,
Nothing but noyſe, and notes of ghaſtly feare,
For what harmonious muſicke hath hells king? (ſing:
Where ghoſts keep howling time, whil'ſt ſcriech-owles
Yet thou that ſee'ſt me bare of all reliefe,
(The more to aggrauate my ſullen griefe)

Forbidd'ſt me Nuptiall rites; thus *Ione* repines
At *Pluto's* wiſhes, when his Concubines
Are numberleſſe; the Sea-god happier is,
(Though leſſe in power then I) and hath more bliſſe,
That when the raging billowes he allayes,
Faire *Amphitrite* with her *Neptune* playes
And he (intangled in her ſoft embrace)
Forgets the vſe of his three-forked mace.
When thou in midſt of *Tytans* ſcourging heate,
With labour of thy thunder-claps doſt ſweate
To coole the parch't earth, with moiſt drops of raine,
And (weary of thy toyle turn'ſt backe againe)
Inceſtuous *Iuno* ſits in longing ſtate
VVith open lap her Lord to recreate:
Latona, *Ceres*, *Themis*: (each of which
Sufficient were) but all of theſe, enrich
Thee, with the name of father, and thy ſeate
Keepe ſtill with hopefull ſucceſſors repleate:
Thus thou, in luſtfull ryot (varying)
Liu'ſt at thine eaſe, whil'ſt I (thy brother king)
In darkeſt dungeon (like a ſlaue) am voyde
Of thoſe delights, with which thou moſt art cloid:
And thus my prime of youth doth fade, and pride
Of iſſue, failes; (by wanting a lov'd Bride)
But come reuenge, awake dull patience,
(Suffice long pardon for ſo iuſt offence)
By all the ſhades of night, by all the Ghoſts
That houer o're blacke *Styx*, by all the hoſts
Of dreadfull horror, miſchiefe vengeance dire,
If *Iupiter* denie this laſt deſire;
The walls of *Tartarus* ſhall open wide
(Thorough whoſe breach) the ſoules that there abide

Con-

(Condemn'd to endleſſe ruth) ſhall ſally out,
And haſt thy downfall with confuſed rowt:
('Mongſt whom) old *Saturne* once againe ſhall free
The golden age from her captiuitie.
(This ſayd) the Tyrant ceaſt, and to his ire
Gaue reſpit. *Mercury* (like nimble fire)
Meane while aſcends vp to the higheſt Spheare,
And tells his meſſage to great *Iupiter*.
The god, vnto this vnexpected newes
Gaue ſtrict attention, and forth-with 'gins muſe
In his diuine breſt, what would be th'euent
Of ſuch a marri'ge, who would be content
(Of all the goddeſſes) to loſe the light
In lieu ſhe may be queene of laſting night,
And (like a Iudge reuoluing many a doubt,
At length reſolu'd) his ſentence thus breakes out,
One only child the goddeſſe *Ceres* had
One daughter, which doth make her mother glad:
For though *Lucina* bleſt her with no more,
Yet is ſhe happy in this firſt ſhe bore.
This ſerues for many, and the want ſupplies,
That ſecond birth her barren wombe denies.
This (as her deareſt darling and delight)
She often hugges, ſtill tends, and from her ſight
She neuer let's her part; ſo Heifer young
Or firſt yeeres Calfe, (that other beaſts among
Scarce preſſeth the ſoft graſſe with wanton tread,
Nor horned Moones, yet peepe from curled head:)
The lowing Damme (that it by chance doth miſſe)
(Finding) doth giue it many a licking kiſſe.
The Virgin faire was growne now ripe and neare
To *Hymens* rites, a chaſte and ſhamefaſt feare

Breeds

Breeds in her breſt new flames: now ſhe deſires
(One while) to marrie; then againe loues fires
Deſpitefully ſhe quencheth; thus, her mind
Eu'n in a moment, makes her curſt and kinde;
To loue, and not to like; which myſterie
Is caus'd by feare, that beares the maſtery
Ouer her will (her will that oft doth call
Her paſſions vp) but feare ſtraight layes them all:
Now ſtore of ſuters throng and each 'gins ply
Old *Ceres*, for her daughter (cunningly)
Two great Competitors, with equall ſtrife
Contend, to haue the louely Mayd to wife:
Mars with his ſhield, *Apollo* with his bowe
And ſhafts, their greatneſſes alike both ſhewe.
Both offer a round earneſt for their loues;
Yet neithers ſuite the yellow *Ceres* moues:
Nor though proud *Iuno* and *Latona* too
Speake for their ſonnes and (ſeuerally woo)
VVould ſhe conſent: but (as a mother kind
In her owne thoughts) and with fond paſſion blind:
(Vnwitting future rape) her too too deare,
She ſought to hide from thoſe ſhe leaſt might feare.
And thus (deſcending from *Olympus* high,
With her faire *Proſerpine*) both ſecretly
At fruitfull *Scicile* arriue; and there,
The carefull mother in a iealous feare,
Viewes the rich Iſland, and the Sea that round
Doth ring-like compaſſe, and its fertile ground,
Sprinkle; th'vnknowing goddeſſe ſtraight conceiues
The place for purpoſe fitting, and ſo leaues
Her daughter to it's charge: thus neither ſhe,
Nor it, foreſawe th'enſuiug prodigie.

Scicile

Sicilia once the Continent did touch,
And made a part of *Italy*, till, such
Was the Seas rage, and *Nereus* swelling pride,
As did the firme land seuer and diuide:
He with his subtill art, and puissance stout
The confines broke, and cut those mountaines out,
Which, to the little land did there remaine,
Contiguous were; now (parted from the maine)
He bathes them with his waues, yet men may see
'Twixt both the Lands a knowne affinitie.
The *Promontories* that are seene from farre,
Pachinus high, and *Lilibeum* are
On which the waues that (brauing play) let flee
Their force, and make continuall batterie:
Pachinus shewes vnto th'*Ionian* Sea
His lofty head; the top of *Lylibe*
Lookes to the *Libian* Coast, from whence (in vaine)
The waues driues through his armes, which (as a reine
And bridle serue t'abate and curbe their pride
And roaring noyse;) when *Thetis* to abide
Disdaineth there, and from the *Thuscane* shore,
Her waues vpon *Pelorus* beate much more.
These *Promontories* three, at first the Ile
(*Sicilia* now) *Trinacria* did stile:
In midst of which *Aetna* of old renowne
(For burning rockes) so high his flaming crowne
Lifts; that the *Promontories* (which before
Did Gyants seeme) like Dwarfes his height adore:
Aetna, true witnesse of *Briareus*
His folly, and of bold *Enceladus*
The Tombe and bonefire; where, he lines in death,
And spits forth fire with brimstone-pois'ning breath:

The Mountaines load, there, keeps him priſoner faſt,
That when the weighty burden off to caſt
He (groaning) ſtriues, and to his vtmoſt ſtraines
To quit his rebell necke from yoke and paines:
The poore Inhabitants he maketh feare
(By often ſhaking) leſt ſome Earth-quake there
Should roote the Iſlands vp, and ſo, her towrs,
And walles, the violence of Seas deuours:
This Mountaines top, is only to the eye
Of mortals ſubiect; ſo you may deſcrie
The ſmoke and flames, but neuer hath it yet
Been trampled on by any humane feet:
With ſtately Groues and Trees, the lower part
Is deckt, that ne're were planted there by Art;
The vpper, commonly with miſty fogge
Staines the Sun-beams, and dayes cleere light doth clog
With pitchy Clouds, which (laſting vntill night)
Aſcend the Firmament, and dayes cleere light
Conuert to darkneſſe; ſtill the flames increaſe
Is nouriſht (though the mountaines ſelfe decreaſe.)
In midſt of boiling heate, the ſnow doth fall
Vpon the top, and neuer melts at all:
It ſnowes vpon the Mountaine, and that heate
Which burneth there (albeit ne're ſo great)
The ſnow it ne're offends, whoſe inward cold
Condenſeth it, and if diſſolue ſome ſhould,
(By reaſon of hot vapors that ariſe)
Yet moſt vpon the top congealed is
Or neuer lower falls: but that which breeds
The greateſt admiration, and exceeds
All common wonder, is the noyſe within
The hollow Cliftes, that doth neuer linne

It's raging, whether cauſed by the wind,
That ſtopt in *Aetnas* bowels faine would find
A paſſage out, and cannot, till it breake
With ſpeedy motion through ſome open creake
Of the torne rockes, till when, it rumbles there;
Or elſe the greedy Sea, whoſe armes doe teare
The Mountaines boſome, and the brackiſh waues
Mingling with fires in thoſe hot ſulfrous caues
Within, and wanting meanes to ſally thence,
Adde matter to the broiling violence
And noyſe; vncertaine whether of the twaine
It is, but one may be the reaſon plaine.
Diuineſt *Ceres* now moſt confident
Of the ſure Iſland (to whoſe charge ſhe lent
And left her deareſt pledge) without all feare
Or leaſt ſuſpicion of her danger neere,
To *Phrigia* poſteth, and amaine doth hie
To her torne foundreſſe mother *Cybele*.
By ſixe fierce Dragons, that (taile wheeling round
With writhed limbes) her chariot lift from ground,
She carri'd is, and ſnatcht into the ayre,
From whence her ſpeedy flight (they ſwift) prepare,
And, breaking through the clouds, that giue them way,
Them leaue behind; and (poſting) lead away
With giddy gallop, the free raines they beare
Vpon their lofty creſts (bemoiſtned were
With foamie froth) which on their golden ſcales
They caſt, and doubly ſpot their winged ſailes:
One while the middle Region they diuide,
And ſoare aloft; then ſuddainly they ſlide
Downe to the earth, and ſlacking of their flight,
The Chariots golden wheeles they couer (white)

With hoarie duſt: their Miſtris (as ſhe goes)
Her bountie caſts, and plenteouſly beſtowes
O're all the fields: the very tract and path
(Made by her wheeles) ſufficient plentie hath
Of rip'ned eares; which (as ſhe paſſeth on)
Cloath all the fields and wayes they run vpon
VVith golden habit. Thus behind her quite
Aetna ſhe leaues, and th'Iſland out of ſight,
Till (looking backe with her preſaging eies,
And moiſt'ned cheekes) the palace ſhe eſpies
VVhere ſhe her daughter left; then with freſh teares
She doubles her prognoſticating feares
(As doubtfull of the fatall accident)
And thus the hard miſhap would faine preuent
(By courting the faire Iſland) Deareſt Earth,
Bleſt Soyle (ſaith ſhe) farwell: my firſt, laſt birth,
I leaue vnto thy charge; looke well to her,
Be thou her guardian ſafe, ſince I preferre
Thee before other places: as thy care
Shall ſpeed, the mindfull *Ceres* will not ſpare
For thy reward: be ſure of this before,
The cruell Spade ſhall neuer wound thee more;
Nor rugged Clowne (when he thy fields will ſowe)
Shall once, with crooked tooth of deluing plow,
Teare vp thy fruitfull entrailes; thou ſhalt make
Glad husbandmen to wonder, and forſake
The vſe of toyling Oxen, and ſharpe Goad,
VVhen (of their owne accord) thy fields ſhall load
Their Barnes; and (for thy ſeaſonable fruit)
Their ſtore-houſe, neighb'ring lands ſhall thee ſalute.
This ſaid, her Dragons haſte, and ſhe arriues
Vpon Mount *Ida*, where *Cybele* liues:

Her

Her Temple, there, with marble ſtatue ſtands,
(That worſhipt is by many vprear'd hands,
Couer'd with thickeſt boughes of blazing Pine)
That ſeldome ſubiect is to ſtormes or winde:
The furious Ayre doth ſeldome laſh, or beate
This conſecrated Tree to goddeſſe great;
But (gently whiſtling 'mongſt the leaues) it beares
And formes ſoft muſicke to the hearers eares:
VVithin the Temple, nought but dancing is
To *Bacchus*, and confuſed melodies
Of men, that (with their howling conſorts round
Of ſqueaking Pipes and ruſticke Tabors ſound)
Shake *Idas* top; the holy ſhrines within
The Temple groane (mou'd with the noyſe and dinne:)
At ſight of *Ceres* all growes huſht and ſtill,
The balling Quire, the Drumme and Trumpets ſhrill
Deſiſt; the *Corybantes* ceaſe to waue
Their glitt'ring blades, the Lions fierce and braue
Are tamed, and their gentleneſſe is ſuch,
As they their ſhaggy maines to euery touch
Submit; the longing *Ceres* enters in,
And by the mother of the gods within
She welcom'd is, that at firſt entring place
Bowes downe her Towr's to do the goddeſſe grace.
Ioue from his ſupreme throne of maieſtie
This paſſage viewes, and his moſt ſtrict decree
To *Venus* lou'd reueales, to thee, I will,
(Saith he) ô *Cytherea* ſhew my will
And heauenly pleaſure: know, I am reſolu'd
That my firme purpoſe long agoe reuolu'd
In hidden thoughts, doe now it ſelfe declare,
Be now fulfill'd, that *Ceres* daughter faire

Be giuen to hels blacke king; for Deſtinies
Do ſo command, and *Themis* prophecies
Haue thus foretold: the time inuites to this,
Her careleſſe mother farre off wandring is;
Goe then, and to *Sicilia* take thy flight,
That (when bright *Sol*, the mournfull robe of night
Diſplayes, and clads the fields in gorgeous ray)
Entice thou maiſt the mayd, to ſport and play
In *Floras* walkes; that (when thy skill is tri'd,
Pluto may ſeyze vpon his louely Bride:
Vnfitting 'twere (ſince all the gods, and me
Thou burn'ſt) the lower kingdomes ſhould be free.
No, no; let fell *Erynnis* feele thy flame,
And *Acheron* acknowledge the great name
Of *Venus*; ſhe gaue eare, and (hauing heard
Her fathers mind) to iourney ſtraight prepar'd:
Pallas and ſhe (that with the horne-bent bowe,
Arcadian Mænalus affrights) both goe
(Together) with their ſiſter, for ſo *Ioue*
Commanded had; they out of filiall loue
Their Sire obey, and (taking ſolemne leaue
Of all the gods) them of their ſight bereaue.
Looke how a Comet (ſeldome ſeene) appeares
To vulgar eyes, and fils men with ſtrange feares:
When (ſtreaming o're the world with bloudy light)
It boades vnto the peoples gazing ſight
Some rare euent: (as death of Monarke great,
Or rage of ſicknes ſprung from Dog-dayes heate:)
That, to the trembling Mariner (at hand)
Threatens huge ſtormes, plagues, famine to the land;
So ſhew'd the ayry tracke this troope diuine
Had made (amazing with it's glorious ſhine.)

At length, they *Ceres* palace had eſpy'd
And glorious luſt're of it's top deſcride,
And pinacles; that (as they neerer drew)
The goodly frame they might at leiſure view:
(A wondrous worke) erected firſt of all
By the blacke lab'ring *Cyclop's*; the high wall
Of hard and ſtrongeſt *Thracian* Ir'n was made,
The maſſy poſts that ſuſtain'd and ſtai'd
The weightie building vp, of ſteele: and wrought
The reſt was, with the Metall thither brought
By thoſe induſtrious *Chalybes*; who found
The firſt vſe of it vnderneath the ground.
Neuer was great *Pyracmon* buſied more,
Or toyling *Sterops* ſweate ſo much before,
As ('bont this curious worke:) neuer (till then)
So (puffing, breathleſſe) *Vulcans* iourny-men
Knocke on their batter'd Anuiles ſparkling ſteele,
(Held by the crooked biting tongs) that feele
Their hammers loade: neuer was huger flame
Rais'd from the weary Fornace, then that ſame
Which, from the ſoftned maſſe of metall thence
Aroſe; nor bellowes, with more violence
Breath'd on the burning Forge. Behold you might
From far, the gates (ſhining with yu'ry) white,
The top and battlements that outwardly
Appear'd, with ſiluer and blacke *Ebanie*
Checkr'd; the ſollid beames the rooſe vphold
VVithin, of braſſe; and pillars of pure gold?
Here louely *Proſerpine*, with melting tone,
Sat, to her dying honour (all alone)
VVarbling a ſwan-like farewell: for, ſhe meant
VVith worke in hand, and needle, to preſent

Vnto

Vnto her Mother (whom ſhe longs to ſee
And ſtill expects) her painefull induſtrie
Drawne out in curious ſampler; and ſo thought,
(In vaine) to frame a robe of it (being wrought:)
There ſhe her fathers kingdome firſt began
In liuely colours to paint out; and than
Foure Elements (each in their order plac't)
With cunning hand ſhe flouriſht, and ſo grac't
The patterne with her skill, you could not know
Whether the fire were burning there or no:
Somewhat beneath (in region cleere and faire)
She figur'd had the freſh and liuely aire,
And next, the water, where ſhe often makes
A period to her handy-worke; and takes
Freſh ſilke to thred her needle, for ſhe here
Had much adoe to make the Sea appeare
In all his formes; the waues ſhe to the life
Deſcribes, and ſet out their tumultuous ſtrife:
The waters were with purple wrought, the ſhore
With *Emeralds* and Pearles all ſhadow'd o're;
Behold you might the ſedge and greeniſh weed
Flote from the Rockes (as if they there did breed
Where ſhe had plac't them) with ſuch Art conceiu'd,
That warie Pilots well might be deceiu'd
In viewing them; then forth a different skeine
Of ſilke ſhe ſorts, and freſh to worke againe
Begins, thoſe ſands, the brackiſh waters drinke:
Thoſe ſands, ſo like; that lookers on would thinke
They heard the Seas hoarſe murmure: laſt of all,
To th'earth ſhe comes, yet (for th'originall
Was but a dull piece, and groſſe element)
Leſſe labour in deſcribing that ſhe ſpent:

Only

Only ſome greene and yellow would beſtow
Vpon the fields and flowr's that in them grow:
And (for variety) amongſt the reſt,
That of *Narciſſus* ſtory ſhe expreſt;
Where (oppoſite) the new transformed Roſe,
The thorne-prick't goddeſſe loue to *Adon* ſhowes.
(Theſe *Elements* thus finiſht to her mind)
Fiue diff rent *Zones*, each in a ſeu'rall kinde
And quality ſhe notes, a crimſon thred
The middle woue (flaming all fiery redde
Inhabitable) on both ſides of that
She plac't the other two, more temperate:
The two moiſt cold (as needleſſe to be drawne)
She prettily thus figur'd in the Lawne
Wherein ſhe work't; (a ſpace there left) and ſo
The Samplers white alone expreſt their ſnow.
Next to her Vncles palace ſhe deſcends,
(Proportioning his Furies, Fates and Fiends;
But here ſhe ſtopp't: for (looking on her worke,
As if ſome ominous euent did lurke
Vnder theſe diſmall Pictures) from her eyes
Teares (forming pearles) dropt on the Deſtinies:
And (weary of that ſad taske) ſhe began
To ſort new colours to the Ocean;
VVhoſe Cryſtall winding ſtreames, ſhe there drew out
Vpon the vtmoſt border of her clowt.
But ſuddainely the hinges of her dore,
With creaking noyſe were turn'd, and her before
The goddeſſes ſhe ſpies, ſo all in haſte
Th'imperfect worke and robe ſhee from her caſt;
With maiden bluſh and fearefull modeſtie,
Vpon her ſiluer cheekes a skarlet dye

She ſpradde; vnlike to this, the *Lydian* Dame
With *Tyrian* purple ſpots her yu'rie frame;
Now *Phœbus* diu'd into the weſt, and night
With lazie Carre, and dulneſſe doth inuite
The world to reſt; whil'ſt *Pluto* warn'd by *Ioue*
His iourney plot's, and conqueſt of his loue.
And loe, th'vnſeene Commandreſſe, ſecretly,
Of fearefull wagons to her axletree,
The harneſt thongs, and coupled horſes ties
Horſes, that, on the filth and ſcumme which riſe
From bottome of *Cocytus*, feede: that graze
In fields of *Erebus* and hels blacke laies,
When (drunke with *Lethe*) vp into the world
Obliuion from their frothy mouthes is hurl'd.
Orphnæus (ſhaking his vnruly head)
And *Aethon* (ſwift as flight) togethes tread
And (trampling in th'infernall entrie) beate
Each fire ſtrucke flint from it's vnpaued ſeate:
Nicteus, with his ſtaring maine, the beſt
Of *Stygian* brood, with braue *Alaſtor* dreſt
And ready harneſt; both togethes ſtand
And (rear'd on end) *Alectos* ſterne command,
With ſcornefull neighing mocke: (full of diſdaine)
The cole black foure, ſcarcely themſelues containe
Within hell gates (madde) on their maſters prize
VVhich he expects, vpon the mornes vpriſe.

Finis Libri Primi.

THE

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Argument of the Second Booke.

Proſerpina *ſuſpecitleſſe of her woes*
with Venus, Pallas, *and* Diana *goes*
To Ætna, *on whoſe skirts the morning howr's*
They ſpend, and crowne their temples with his flowr's:
Pluto *his prey doth ſnatch; the goddeſſes*
Pallas *and* Dian, *followe to releaſe*
Their Sister: Ioue *his clowdie ſonne defends,*
That with loud triumph downe to hell deſcends.

BY this, the ſable vaile of night, from farre
Vnſprad; and *Phœbus* in his golden Carre,
Prickes on the fiery Steeds, that force their way
And make new breach thorow th' *Ionian* Sea,
Whil'ſt (day yet mask't in night) his flaring beames,
Play with the waues, and mocke the blue gods ſtreames,
About this morne peepe moment, the loſt mayd
Loſt, for ſhe now by *Venus* was betrayd,
(Vnmindfull of her mothers ſtrict command)
For who can ſtricter Deſtinies with-ſtand?

Boldly awakes, forgets all feare or doubt,
And to the dewy fields she sallies out;
Out went she, but no sooner tripped o're
The humble threshold, when her creaking dore,
With turned hinge thrice squeak't; as if it meant
To warne her from the desperate attempt.
Thrice it presag'd, thrice (guilty of her fate)
The neighbouring *Aetna* groan'd: but ah, too late!
For headlong will of woman, now, in her,
Rebellion nourished 'gainst iuster feare.
Out went she, and with her the sisters three,
Those goddesses, that bore her companie;
First iocund *Venus* hugg'd with her deceit,
Glad, that the houre for which she long did wait
Drew neere; but gladdest that her pow'rfull skill
Could draw the pow'rs infernall to her will.
The smooth-comb'd locks, that (on her golden head
She weares) part (like two skeines) and as in thread
Intangled, some crumples vp: so shee
Some longer wore, some crispt and curled bee;
In a rich purple mantle was she clad,
O're which, a belt (her sweating husband had
Fram'd in his Forge) she cast, which kept it on,
Buckled ther'to with a rich Orient stone:
Next *Venus* march't *Latona* beautious queene:
She (whom th' *Arcadian* Swaines full oft haue seene
Fell their wilde Bores; and she) whose stately lance
Pandions Tow'rs protects, who doth aduance
The Cities Trophies: this, in strife and iarre
Bestirres her selfe (best pleas'd with bloudy warre.
The other (a bold huntresse) loues to fright
The wildest beasts that tremble at her sight.

Caru'd

Caru'd on a golden Helmet, *Pallas* bore
Huge *Typhons* picture, (whom she long before
Slew in *Ioues* quarrell:) *Typhons* vpper part
Is dead, the lower liuing; so in part
He liues, part dyes, that monstrous bulke of his,
Halfe man, halfe serpent, vpward, down-ward is
In her right hand a mighty speare she wields,
That tow'rs vp to the sky, no wood that yeelds
A tree so tall; and in her left hand, grac't
With dazling shield was vgly *Gorgon* plac't,
Crown'd with a head of snakes, whose visage grim
And killing looke, she with a vaile keepes in.
Dian appeares in a more mild aspect,
More louely, and in euery respect
So like her brother, that each siluer ray,
(Vpon her glorious head) shin'd it (by day)
Were *Phœbus* selfe: whose light, whose eminence
She bore (Sex only breeding difference)
Her azure plumpe vein'd armes discouered bare,
And careless lockes playd with the gentle aire.
Th'vnbended bowe now gaue her sinewes rest,
And at her backe the shafts in quiuer rest:
A short loose garment that she (fastned) weares
With double girt, scarce from her knee appeares;
On whose light ground (vnmatched to behold)
The wandring *Delos* floats in seas of gold:
With these, the ioy of *Ceres*, her deere child,
But soone, neere griefe, keepes equall pace in field,
Equall in limbes and honour, and might seeme
Either of both; for euery one would deeme
He saw a goddesse, and would thinke her so,
Bore she but *Pallas* shield, or *Phœbus* bowe:

Her gather'd garment faſtned with a knot
By ſmootheſt *Iaſper* was; and ſhe was not
Inferior to the Siſters nor their skill,
For ſhe could couzen Natures ſelfe (at will)
With art, which neuer happ'lier was ſhowne,
Then in the rare beſtowing of her combe,
On thoſe two golden fleeces, that adorne
Her wel-ſhap't head; where they ſo eu'n were worn
That not the fineſt thred in loome of Lawne
Agreed, or could more equally be drawne:
Th'Imagery in ſilkes ſo liuely wrought
On her looſe robe, might pleaſe the very thought
Of nice beholders; who, when they ſhould ſee
Theſe pictures, and would iudge them but to bee,
Inanimate dead trunkes, might *Proſerpine*
Pricke them but tongues, they'd ſpeake and be diuine.
The bults ſhe workt were of a goddeſſe breed,
(Reſembling Sunne and Moone *Hyperions* ſeed)
But in their ſhapes ſhe faſhion'd different quite,
Theſe two great Captaines of *Aurora*'nd Night:
Such, as when *Thetis* (they but tender, young,
Short breathed Infants) with a Nurſe-like ſong
Rock't ſleepe into their cradles, and doth take
To her warme lappe thoſe ſucklings when they wake;
Tytan, thus weake: (in his minoritie)
Dimme lighted, and not clamber'd vp ſo high
(As now) with mounting wing; in which firſt age
Men faine him mild, and free from ſcorching rage:
Thus, feeble *Tytan*, at his Dammes right ſide
Lay panting; and as often as he cry'd,
(For wantonneſſe) ſo euer and anon
It ſobb's, and ſpits a gentle fire, vpon

The louing Mother; who to ſtill and reſt,
Turnes to his ſiſter her left ſide and breſt:
From whence, and at her Criſtall dugge, ſhe drinks
That milke-ſweet liquor, whil'ſt her Sire bethinks
Him of the younglings: and the prettie Moone
Viewes in the Mothers arme, vnto her ſoone;
He (ſporting) calls, the wayward babe, that ſhowes
With one eye turned vpward, that it knowes
Nought but the dugge and *Thetis*, all elſe ſcornes,
Mockes him (kind father) with her little hornes.
In ſuch great pompe, glitt'ring attire, ſhe went:
The *Naides* (on both ſides of her) bent
In friendly troope, to wait and beare her traine,
Compaſſe her round, each ſtroue to be moſt faine.
Thoſe *Nymphes Crymniſus*, which thy fountaine cleere
And thine *Pantagia* (whoſe ſwift courſe doth beare,
And headlong rowle downe rocks:) do famous make
That Riuer too from whence *Gela* doth take
The Cities name, and they (ſlow *Camarine*)
Which in thoſe fennie ſhallow lakes of thine
Are nouriſhed; thoſe that in Cryſtall brooke,
And ſtreames of *Arethuſa*, all forſooke
Their loued homes; and to make full the feaſt
Alpheus ſends his Nymphes, and 'mongſt the reſt
That there attend in gratefull companie,
None did excell the faireſt *Cyane*.
So *Amazones* in a triumphant band
With ſloped ſhields march through the foe-mans land:
When man-like braue *Hyppolita*, with ſpoyle
(From *Arctos* hill, laden with goods and toyle)
Retires her ſnowy troopes; then, when they ſweate
In bloud of yellow *Scythians*, or beate,

And

And breake with sharpest axe the tougher Ice
That stops the current of swift *Tanais*:
So, the *Mæonian* Nymphes are wont to rise
From *Hermus*, when their vs'd solemnities
They giue to *Bacchus*, on whose festiuall
Each, seuerally, and then, together, all
Vpon their fathers gold swolne bankes run mad,
Frisking about: the aged riuer (glad)
Sits in his denne, and as their want he viewes
VVater in plenty from moist vrne renewes;
No sooner had flow'r-bearing *Aetna* spi'd,
And from his hearby top farre off descri'd
The sacred people; when milde *Zepherus*
He forceth with entreates, and vrgeth thus:
Thou grateful (wisht for father) of the Spring,
That 'bout my medowes (with lasciuious wing)
Fly'st, and there reign'st, that with perpetuall blast
Bedew'st the ground, mak'st it with freshnesse last:
Looke yonder, looke vpon those Nymphes that play
('Mongst whom) the thund'rers plants to sport this day,
Daigne midst my walkes; be thou propitious,
Be present with thy odoriferous
Sweet flowr's, now to their fulnesse blow them forth,
Ripen the blossomes and those sprouts of worth,
That fertile *Hybla* may at length confesse
(But enuie) that her fuitfulnesse is lesse.
VVhat euer sents the drie *Arabia*
Breathes from her spices on the morning grey;
VVhat odours flatt'ring sence *Hydaspes* sends
From farre; what ere the rare bird (that extends
Her flight to swartie *Indians* (there can find
That (though she want a mate) can raise her kind

From

From her owne death and aſhes, and renewes
Paſt yeeres with youth: ſweet *Zephirus* infuſe
The ſumme and all into theſe veines, and blow
With fulleſt cheeks: cheriſh theſe fields, that ſo
I may deſerue the touch diuine, and pure
Of goddeſſe finger; and ſo farre allure
Thoſe heau'nly pow'rs, they may be couetous
To weare our flowry garlands on their browes:
Here *Aetna* ſtopt, when ſtraight the Weſt-wind threw
Shak't (from his madid wings) a *Nectar* new
On the dry turfes, and ioines the clefted earth,
Begets in it a ſecond fruitfull birth:
Where e're he flies a Spring of *Aprill* ſhow'rs
Followes; the ground ſwels vp with hearbs and flow'rs,
Which with their load (the moiſture quickly ſpent)
Bend downe againe, and (fading) loſe their ſent.
This place he clotheth with the bloud-bright Roſe,
That, with young *Hyacinthus*, there beſtowes
The purple-painted (neere blacke) Violet.
What belt on *Parthian* King was euer ſet
In richer Iemmes? what more varietie
In fleeces ſpotted with *Aſſyrian* dye?
The Bird of *Iuno* in his greateſt pride,
Shewes but dull eyes (with theſe faire colours tride:)
Not ſo (when watriſh winter doth begin)
The Raine-bow crownes him with oft varying,
When ſtreaking the pale Sunne with redder fire (cleere:
The moyſtned tracke, through clouds diſperc't ſhewes
The place exceeds the flowers: for a plaine
Here crooking ſwels, there, ſeemes to riſe againe
In hillockes ſoft, till, farther it becomes
A hill, where from a liuely punice runs

A bubling Spring, which growes into a Brooke,
From which it's moiſture the dew'd graſſe doth ſucke;
For (as the Snake-like ſtreame winds in and out)
It ſnares the hearbes and flow'rs round about:
The Woods coole leaues here ſerue for ſummers ſhade,
(By whoſe thicke boughes VVinters cold froſt's allayd)
Where growes the Firre, the hard ſtrong Cherrie-tree
For ſhips, for bowes (in warre) that fitteſt be:
Ioues loued Oke, young, and in vig'rous heat,
The old, with lufcious hony-combes repleat:
The mournfull Cypreſſe couering ſepulchre,
And Bay preſaging Lawrel tree grew there:
The thicke-topt, ſpreading, criſped Boxe, (whoſe weight)
Doth make it waue, and totter from it's height:
The Serpent-like ſlow Yuie, and the Elme
Lac't with the Vine, makes it with Grapes o're-whelme.
A Lake which the *Sicilians*, *Pergus* name,
Was neere at hand; and to adorne the ſame,
A rowe of well-plac't trees begirt it round,
Whoſe ſilent water (free from noyſe or ſound)
Lookes pale, and ſuffers the beholders eyes
(Vnhurt) to ſearch the bottomes ſecreſies.
The traine be'ing here arriu'd they ioy and ſport
To ſee the flowry Country, to exhort,
Thus, *Cytherea*, them begins: Come, come,
Siſters, and gather till the morning Sunne
Drie the ayres ſweat, whil'ſt yet my *Lucifer*
(Mounted on dewy Courſer) euery where
Waters the yellow fields: ſo, hauing ſpoke,
She firſt began to plucke a flow'r, firſt tooke
The badge of her old griefe, then each doth ſtriue
And fall to worke; as when of Bees a Hiue

Snat-

Snatches the ſweets of *Hyblas* Tyme; or when
Their Leaders with an Army (as 'mongſt men)
Remoue their waxen tents: or, when they creepe
From hollow Beeches wombe, and (ſwarming) ſweepe
The duſtie ayre; when (ſwolne with their cropt ſtore)
(Buzzing) they ſeeme to grumble yet for more.
So they made hauocke of the flow'rs, and ſpoile
Of all their glory, in a moments toyle.
The Lilly to the darker Violet
One weaues; another in her breſt doth ſet
The ſoft-ſweet *Mariorum*; a third muſt goe
Starre-deckt with Roſes; this in diff'ring ſhowe
Prankes vp her ſelfe with Priuet white, and thee
They gather, and thy weeping Tragedie
(Poore *Hyacinth*) renew; nor doe they ſpare
Narciſſus (both of you now branches rare
Of the freſh ſpring, and in your liues, the ioyes
Of Nature, two moſt excellent ſweet boyes)
Thee the tiles errour ſtrooke, but thee, thine owne;
When in the fountaine that ſelfe-loue was knowne:
Apollo, with ſad brow thy loſſe laments;
At thine *Cephiſſus* broken reed relents:
Proſerpina, more greedy then the reſt
(Moſt hot vpon the ſpoile) culs out the beſt,
And ſtuffes her *Oſier* baskets full; that ſmile
To ſee their Miſtris the poore fields beguile
Of their rich habit; ſhe with garlands crownes
Her temples (ignorant of fate) that frownes
Vpon the wreath ſhe weares (propheticall
Swiftly fore-running the blacke Nuptiall)
The warlike Goddeſſe, her right hand, that ſcowres
The luſtie troopes, that teares downe walls and towres,

Giues to an easier taske; layes by her speare
Her glist'ring shield (vnus'd such toyes to beare)
She teacheth now the garland to embrace,
Her steele-topp't helmet sweetest garlands grace:
Nor she, that in *Parthenian* Mountaines seekes
With sure nos'd senters after chase, dislikes
The sport, but her licentious lockes keepes downe,
And bridles them with a faire garland crowne:
Whil'st thus the scatter'd Virgins pull the flow'rs,
Behold a noyse 'gan bellow, as if two tow'rs
(Falling) had rush't together, or some Towne
From it's foundations firme had bin cast downe,
The cause none gest, but *Paphos* goddesse: she
Was preinstructed in the mystery,
And had this double passion at her choyse
To feare with them, but inwardly reioice:
And now the rector of the damn'd, below,
Through secret windings bustles to and fro,
To find a way to earth: first doth he fetch
A compasse here and there; then makes a breach
Aloft; his foggy Coursers trample on
Enceladus, that with their weight doth groane,
(The Gyants huge vaste limbes cut by their wheeles)
Addes to the former torments that he feeles;
And lab'ring, with a double yoke, in paine:
(For he beares *Dis* and *Aetna* now) would faine
Finde ease; the wearie Serpents (clinging) stay
Their axletree, the horses force their way,
And scudde along (too swift for them too slacke)
Their fiery wheeles slide from his sulph'rous backe.
And as the close besieger, by degrees
Steales on his mu'd vp foe, that nought foresees,

VVhil'st

VVhil'st he (by a laborious countermine
And secret) the mockt wals doth vndermine;
Whose strength and stricter guard none now protect,
(The Conqu'rours entring, where they least expect)
Like to these earth-borne men. *Saturnes* third heire
Contriues a passage vp to the VVorld's aire
His brothers Orbe, and giues his Steeds free reine
Searcheth through eu'ry corner: but (in vaine)
No gate appeares, huge heapes of rokces and stones
Damme vp his passage eu'ry where; not once
Discou'ring light, as purposely to keepe
The god close pris'ner in that dungeon deepe;
But he (enrag'd) brook't no delayes, and straight
Aduanc't his beamy scepter, with whose weight
He breakes the Rocks; teares the resisting ground,
The blow caus'd all *Sicilia's* Caues resound,
And Riuers rore; th'adiacent Islands shake,
Amazed *Vulcane* suddaine flight doth take,
(Leauing his forge) the trembling *Cyclop's* hide
Their fearefull heads, and cast *Ioues* bolts aside;
The poore cold dweller on steepe *Appenine*,
And frozen passengers, that slowly climbe
The hoary *Alpes*, amazed stand, and doubt
Of some new broile 'twixt *Ioue* and *Gyant* rowt:
Those that (along thy streames) with naked limbe
Perpetuall trophie bearing *Tyber*, swimme,
And those that to thy current famous *Po*
Launch out their little barkes, heard that great blowe:
So when (on lower Plaines of *Thessalie*)
A standing poole (by rockie Mountaines high
Inclos'd) denies vnto the marish ground
Tillage; and pasture to the medowes drown'd;

Till angry *Neptune* with his *Tridents* pikes,
Pierceth high *Ossa*, and cold *Olympus* strikes;
Whose wounded sides open a passage wide,
At which th'impriſon'd waters (loos'ned) slide,
The Floods vnto the Sea, and drier land
Restored are, vnto the Husbandman.
No sooner was Earths knotty vaile vndone
(By *Pluto*) when *Trinacria* begun
To spread her large and op'ning wombe; and now
A suddaine fright, vpon the pallid brow
Of heau'n appeares; the stars vnus'd to stray
From their first course, seeke an vncertaine way:
The two celestiall Beares that shone so bright
In the forbidden Sea dash their dimme light.
Lazy *Boötes* feare doth headlong cast,
Orion trembles, *Atlas* stands aghast
At hels Iades neighing, whose breath, misty steams
Obscure heau'ns face, and *Phœbus* golden beams;
His radiant brightnesse in the beasts doth breed
A suddaine terror, for they vse to feed
Perpetually in darknesse: now by fits,
Betwixt their teeth they catch the champed bits,
And (winding sidelong) their Coach beame would turne
Backward to hell, and *Chaos* to returne.
But when they once the Tarry whip perceiue
Lash their blacke buttockes, quickly then they leaue
Their strife; and (forc't to the new light) depart
Swifter then winter sloud, or *Parthian* dart:
The violence of *Southerne* stormes is slowe
To their quicke pace, that nimblest thoughts outgoe:
The reines grow hot with their ranke blood, and breath
From fornace of their nostrils sends pale death

Into

Into the purer ayre: their froth, vpon
Th'vntroden ſands leaues ſtrong infection.
The Nymphs all fled, ſaue *Proſerpine*; (who caught
And ſnatcht into the Chariot) beſought
The goddeſſes with ſcreaking loud for ayde;
Pallas that viewes her (how ſhe was betrayd)
Diſcouers *Gorgons* viſage; *Delia* too
To her reliefe haſtens the horne-bent bowe:
Nor giue they way vnto their Vncle, for
Ioint Charitie incites them to this warre,
Virginity in them and *Proſerpine*
(Alike) exaſperates the fault and crime
Of the bold rauiſher; he keepes his way
(Feareleſſe:) as when the Lion makes a prey
On ſome young Steere the beauty of the ſtall
And herd, when with his pawes beſmeared all
In bloud; he diues into the naked breſt
Vntill his rau'nous hunger there ſuppreſt,
Quarters out more, at length his appetite
Quite ſlak't (with ſtaring gaze that would affright)
He careleſſe ſtands, ſhaking his knotted maine
(As if the Herdſmans threats hee did diſdaine.)
Thou ruler of the ſluggiſh Orbe, thou worſt
(Quoth *Pallas*) of thy brothers; thou accurſt:
What Furies with their whips and brands profane
Haue moou'd thee? that (thy kingdome left in vain)
Thou dar'ſt pollute the earth: Away, begone:
Chuſe 'mongſt thy *Dira* a Companion
Worthy thy bed; thy brothers kingdome leaue
And doe not others of their lot bereaue:
Backe to thy night, why mingleſt thou the dead
To liuers? why (a ſtranger) doſt thou tread

Vpon

Vpon our Globe? She thus exclaimes, and wounds
The horn-hoof'd steeds (making them keep their bounds
With her opposed shield) they stoppe, and shee
With vprear'd launce was readie to let flee
Against the Chariot, had not Heauens King
(In signe of Truce) bow'd his red thund'ring Wing
(Acknowledging his sonne) and from aboue
The gaping Clouds, doth *Hymen* reapproue
Th'eternall Knot; and with their blazing light,
His flames, are witnesses to *Pluto's* right:
The Goddesses forbore, *Cinthia* her Bow
Vnbends, but addes these words vnto her woe.
Be mindfull (ah farewell) the iust respect
Of father, hath deni'de vs to protect
Thy person, nor can wee in armes withstand
Him, that inflicts on vs his dread command:
Thy Sire is bent against thee, thou must goe
Vnto those silent people (there below;)
(Alas poore Virgin) and shalt neuer see
Thy sisters more, nor equall companie.
What fate? what fortune from aboue thee beares
(Dooming the starres vnto perpetuall teares)
No more my Nets shall 'bout *Parthenian* Caue
Be spred, no more will I my Quiuer haue;
And now securely may the wilder Boare
Foame, and the raging Lyon freely roare:
Taygetus and *Arcadia* shall bewaile
Thee; when my hunting them begins to faile,
Sad *Cynthus* will bemoane thy destinie,
And *Delfo's* Oracle must silent be:
Whil'st thus she mourns, the wofull *Proserpine*
(Her loose haire scatter'd to the Southerne wind)

In

(In ſwift-drawne Chariot wringing her ſoft hands
On ſorrow-beaten breſt) theſe vaine demands
Powr's againſt heauen: why? ah why (quoth ſhe)
Didd'ſt thou not (father) caſt thy darts at me
By hands of *Cyclops* made? and not expell
Thy daughter hence in diſmall ſhades to dwell?
No loue of father? could no pittie moue
What fault of mine hath thus incenſt great *Ioue*?
When *Phlegra* rag'd in ſuddaine tumults, I
No Banner waued 'gainſt their enemy,
The gods; nor then by ſtrength of mine at all
Did froſty *Olympus* on cold *Oſſa* fall:
What miſchiefe haue I practis'd? of what fault
Made guilty? am I baniſht to hells Vault,
Vaſte op'ning iawes? happy, oh happy they,
VVhom other Rauiſhers haue made their prey,
And borne with them! at leaſt in their annoy
The common light, the Sun-ſhine ſuch enioy:
But I; Heau'n, Earth, Virginitie muſt leaue,
The *Stygian* king doth me of ſhame bereaue:
Oh ill lou'd flow'rs, mockt Parents counſailes ill,
Sad triall learn't (too late) of *Venus* skill!
My deareſt Mother, whether *Lydian* ſong
In Vale of *Ida*, thee detaine thus long:
Or, whether thou to *Dyndimus* bee'ſt gone
To bloudy ſacrifice, there (looking on
Cybels mad Prieſts, that with their drawn ſwords roame
About thoſe hils:) make haſte and quickly come
To my reliefe: ſuccour my franticke griefe,
Hold in the looſe raines of this cruell thiefe.
He at theſe words, and ſeemely mourning grew,
A ſtronger melting paſſion to renew;

And with his ſooty garment dries her teares
(Temp'ring with mildeſt voice her cauſe-leſſe feares :)
Ceaſe, ſweeteſt *Proſerpine*, to vexe thy minde
With vaine laments, a husband thou ſhalt find
Worthy thy loue; know, we are *Saturnes* ſonne,
That ouer all things beare dominion:
Nor thinke that thou the gladſome day haſt loſt,
Since we of ſtarres and purer light may boaſt;
VVhen thou th' *Elizian* brightneſſe ſhalt admire,
And happy ſoules free from tormenting fire,
VVhere the more precious golden age doth keepe
(In an eternall quiet lul'd aſleepe:)
Where *Zephirus*, faire flowr's of richeſt worth
Breathes out (ſuch as thy *Aetna* ne're brought forth)
Where in the ſhadie Groues a rich tree growes,
Whoſe arched boughes the golden Apple ſhews,
That conſecrate I to thee, and will make
A happie laſting Autumne for thy ſake:
What e're the liquid ayre, what *Aeolus*
Containes (my louely queene ſhall bee for vs,
Earth, Seas and Riuers, all that in them liue,
To thy commands ſhall their obeiſance giue,
The rich-clad purple kings ſhall humbly fall
Before thy throne (mixt with the poore) for all
Death equals; thou the guilty and vniuſt
Shalt iudge, with them, the Innocent and Iuſt,
Thoſe ſhal bewaile their crimes, theſe ſhall be bleſt
By thee, and ſent into eternall reſt:
The Deſtinies vpon thy will ſhall waite,
And what thou ordereſt be held for fate
Immoueable: (this ſayd) they now drew neere
Hell gates, he enter'd with vnuſuall cheere.

Like

Like ſhaken leaues in ſapleſſe Autumne caſt,
From trees to earth, by furious Southerne blaſt,
Or rainie drops in a thicke Cloud or ſand,
By broken waues caſt vp into the land:
The damned ſoules in thronging multitude,
To view their queene, boldly themſelues intrude:
At entrance of his Lords great *Phlegeton*
Ariſeth, and from boiling ſtreames, vpon
His briſtled beard caſts moiſture, and that face
All on a flame: the Fiends, each to his place
And ſeuerall office them addreſſe; ſome chuſe
To ſet the Chariot vp, whil'ſt others looſe
Th'vnharneſt couples (turning them to graze
On their knowne paſtures, blacke *Cocytus* layes:
Part decke the Palace with rich Tapiſtrie
(Set out with curious wrought Imagerie:)
Part dreſt the windowes with freſh flow'rs; within,
The Nuptiall bed, others with Cou'rings trimme:
Th'*Elizian* Matrons round begirt their queene
In a chaſte troope (whoſe tender ſorrow ſeene
By ſweet words eas'd) they order her looſe haire,
And hide with flaming vaile the ſhame-fac't faire
The Region pale and bleak, wanne ghoſts now free,
Doe frolicke in triumphant iollity;
(Darke ſilence interrupted) loud they ſing,
And horrid peales with noyſe (vndaunted) ring
Hels grones now ceaſt, and (filth of vgly night
Diſperc't) ſhe's rariſi'd with purer light:
Minos no more caſts lotts, the ſoules condemn'd
Of their dilated paines now find an end;
No laſh reſounds; *Ixion* from his wheele
Is loos'ned, and (refreſht) doth comfort feele:

Poore *Tantalus* the enuious water ſippes,
And taſt's the fruit erſt mockt his thirſty lippes:
Tytius vaſte limbes are rayſed from the ground,
(Where he nine Acres couer'd) and vnbound,
(The rau'nous Vulture from his panting breſt
Diſſolu'd) laments (as a forbidden gueſt:)
The Furies now forgetfull of their rage,
With ſofteſt notes, their ſtrict reuenge aſſwage,
Huge goblets they prepare, and drinke a fill
Of wine, in which their monſtrous locks they ſwil;
To the *Ceraſtes* powre carowſes deepe,
(Whil'ſt with new light ſtill burning freſh they keepe
The feſtiuall ſpent Torches:) now, you take
A ſafer flight ouer *Auernus* Lake
(Then erſt) you birds; (ſtill wont to ſacrifice
Your ſelues to vapours thicke that thence ariſe.)
(*Amſanctus* current ſwift now ſtopt) the noyſe
Ceas't, boiling *Acheron* 'gan loud reioice,
That his hot waues (turn'd to a fountaine) run
Coole ſtreames of milke; which, they had neuer done
Till now; And now *Cocytus* flouriſhing
(All clad in Yuie) offers to hells king
A ſtanding Poole, and of *Lyæus* ſtore,
Of ſacred liquor. *Atropos* forbore
(In ſigne of triumph now) with cruell hand
Lifes thred to cut: at *Plutos* dire command
Death ſtops his progreſſe, now no teares are ſpent,
Nor Kindred, Kindreds Funerals lament:
The Sea-man ſcapes all ſtormes; the Souldier, he
Securely fights (from ſhot and ſharp pike free;)
Free from contagion healthy Cities are,
Free from the plagues of famine, ſickneſſe, warre:

Old

Old *Charon* crown'd with reedsbetwixt each ſhore
Keepes ſinging time with ſtroke of idle Oare:
The Eu'ning *Heſperus* (deſcending) fled
To th'Orbes below: now to her Nuptiall bed
The Virgin's brought, ſtarre-painted night lookes on
As (witneſſe) to the marriage: ſhe, vpon
Them both ſhow'rs happy bleſſings to enſue
From this eternall vnion, and a crew
Of bleſt *Elizian* Saints thus ſweetly ſing,
Preſaging notes to their faire Queene and King.
Our Mother *Iuno*, and of thundriug *Ioue*
(Thou Sonne in lawe, and brother) may all loue
Beget ſoft reſt vnto you both; and knit
Thoſe mutuall neckes in your embraces fit.
A proſp'rous race growes toward now; and glad
Nature expects more gods: oh may you adde
New deities, new pow'rs to hells affaires,
Make *Ceres* Grandam to your wiſhed heires.

Finis Libri Secundi.

THE

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Argument of the Third Booke.

Ioue *calls a Synode of the gods, reueales*
His will: each of them, ſecretly, concealcs
The rape, from Ceres *vnto* Phrigia *gone,*
She dreames, returneth home (her loſſe being knowne)
'Gainſt gods ſh'exclaimes (enrag'd) the world about
Searcheth with lights her daughter to find out.

WHil'ſt hell thus triumphs, *Iupiter* aboue (moue,
Commands *Thaumantis* (girt with clowds to
And ſummon vp the pow'rs of earth and ſeas,
(Clad all in red) ſhe downeward ſlides, with eaſe,
On *Zephires* wings; the gods, the Sea Nymphes all,
And riuers, from their humid dens doth call:
('Twixt feare and doubt they rowſe themſelues) but muſe
What new occaſion, or what ſuddaine newes
Diſturbes their quiet reſt; and (being come
To heauens ſtarre-Chamber) each their proper roome
And place prouided haue, with order fit;
In the firſt ranke the gods Celeſtiall ſit:

And

And in the ſecond, the Sea pow'rs are plac't,
Calme *Nereus*, and aged *Phorcus*, grac't
With comely hoarineſſe; (next theſe, biform'd
Glaucus was ſet, and *Proteus* (vntransform'd)
In his owne ſhape: the ancient and great
Riuers were honour'd with a ſeu'rall ſeate;
But thouſand leſſer Brookes (as was moſt meet
For youth) like common rowt ſtood on their feet:
The VVater-Nymphes, each, to her liquid Sire
Leanes, and dumbe gazing Fawns, heau'ns ſtars admire.
Then the graue father from *Olympus* high
Thus ſpoke, and breathed forth this myſterie:
At length, the care of mans affaires, againe
Solicites me, which, ſince the lazie reigne
Of idle Saturne long neglected were;
VVhen we perceiu'd how men ſecure from feare,
Lay ſteep't and buri'd in my fathers ſloth,
Then to giue further ſuff'rance we were loth:
But (willing to reforme the ſame in part)
Spurr'd vp inuention, and gaue reines to Art:
Then were we pleaſed that th' vntilled field
(Leſſe liberall) leſſe ſtore of Graine ſhould yeeld:
That hony in the woods more ſcarce ſhould grow,
And wine no more from ſwelling Fountaines flow:
Not that we enuious were, or baſely prone
To pois'nous malice; but, when ouer-growne
VVe plenty ſaw, and eaſefull ryot, blind
The light of reaſon, to diſſwade mankind
VVe willing were, dull ſpirits to reuiue:
That each man might by his owne labour liue,
That, ſharpe neceſſity ſhould then produce
And bring forth arts (to be brought vp by vſe.)

But

But Nature vrgeth vs (with ſad complaint)
To eaſe poore man (for ſuch a burden faint)
And (hauing to my charge the Tyrant layd)
VVith former golden age doth vs vpbrayd;
She calls *Ioue*, Miſer, ſayes; that ſhe is franke,
Exclaimes, that we, the fields with thiſtles ranke
And to growe barren, ſuffer: that the yeere
Doth fruitleſſe paſſe.
That ſhe, (who vnto mortals long did vowe
Her ſelfe Kinde mother) is turn'd Stepdame now,
And thus proceeds: what boots it, wretched man
To haue a ſoule (from heauen infus'd) that can
Diſcourſe and reaſon, and his lofty head
Lift vp; if he like beaſts a life muſt lead,
(VVandring with them in the wild woods, to get
The fruit of Swiniſh acorns for his meate?
Is this (ſayth ſhe) to liue? with ſuch diſtaſt
The common mother vrg'd, that we; at laſt
Contented were, ſhe thus much ſhould obtaine,
That from *Chaonian* food her ſonnes abſtaine;
To which effect, we ſolemnly decree:
That, *Ceres*, of her daughters Deſtinie
Witleſſe (who now with her curſt Damme remaines,
Laſhing th'Idean Lyons o're thoſe Plaines)
With wailefull mourning ſearch the world throughout,
Till (hauing in th' end of her pledge found out)
In ſigne of her new ioy (for old griefe paſt)
Huge heapes of harueſt ſhe may from her caſt,
From golden Carre, and ſpread ripe eares of corne
Vpon the fields by her blue Dragons borne.
But liſt, you gods; if any here reueale
The rape of *Proſerpine*; or not conceale

The Rauiſher from *Ceres*, I proteſt
A gen'rall ruine to the peace and reſt
Of things; (be he a ſonne, or ſiſter ſhe,
Or wife of mine, or that deere daughter be
That from my brain-pan boaſts her birth) ſhal feele
The ſtroke of thunder and reuengefull ſteele
Of *Gorgons* fury: and though ſhe muſt liue,
(For deities dye not) yet ſhall ſhe grieue
To haue been borne of heauen, and wiſh for death.
Like puniſhment my vengeance ſhall vnſheath
On any of you (Riuers) that withſtand
The ſecreſie of this my ſtrict command:
(By me firſt wounded) him, my ſonne in lawe
Repuniſh ſhall; this for a ſacred lawe
Eſtabliſh't ſtand: (this ſayd) and paſt for fate,
The ſtarres were ſhak't, and ſeate whereon he ſate.
And now the apparitions of blacke night,
And fearefull miſchiefe *Ceres* do affright:
Who (abſent from this Synode, and ſecure)
To her ſtill thought could ſweeteſt reſt procure;
But now each moment doth ingeminate
Her doubtfull feares, and vgly night (as fate)
Whiſpers the ſad mishap of *Proſerpine*,
Who, (in each dreame of hers) ſeemes to decline
More from her priſtine being; eu'ry ſleepe
Of *Ceres*, her vext ſoule in cares doth ſteepe.
So ſtill ſhe groanes in night, and when day comes,
Cold wonderment her ſtupid ſence benummes,
Till next night's fantaſies, in which; a dart,
One while (her ſeemeth) to her daughters heart
Faſt'ned appeares; and (as a horrid ſight)
She loathes her garment chang'd from chaſteſt white:

The

The trees that in her walkes ſhe long did know
Barren, now freſh (ſhe thinkes) and fruitfull growe:
But one (amongſt them all) ſhe liked beſt,
Whoſe ſhamefac't leaues ſeru'd for a ſhade in reſt
To *Proſerpine*: the Bay tree that, ſhe ſees
Cut from the root, and by ſtrange cruelties
Of art, the boughes lopt off; boughes, that abound
In freſhneſſe, now ly wither'd on the ground,
And (as ſhe thought) of this great wickedneſſe
Enquiring, wofull *Driades* expreſſe
The lamentable Storie; here (ſay they)
The raging Fiends haue made a bloudy Fray
VVith helliſh axe; and layd the duſt along
Thy lawrell greene, freſh feeling of it's wrong.
At length, all circumſtances, all diſguiſe
Vnmask'd, poore *Ceres* her ill fortune ſpies
In her owne child, that now her ſelfe appeares
Her owne forc't-meſſenger, wet-viſage, cleeres
All wau'ring doubts, which (when the goddeſſe wakes)
She puts away, and on her, new griefe takes;
For *Proſerpine* appear'd, as if ſhe ſeem'd
Shut in cloſe priſon, and her mother deem'd
Her fetter'd with ſtrong ſhackles, not as ſhe
VVas left by her in fruitfull *Sicilie*;
Nor (as the goddeſſes her found, when they
In *Aetnas* roſie vallies her aſtray
Did leade, but now; thoſe lockes ſhe might behold
(VVhilome ſurpaſſing ambar and faire gold
In brightnes) ſquallid blacke, the ſparkling light
Fire of her eyes, extinguiſht is by night,
A night of ſorrow, and that bluſhing red
Vpon her cheeke (exhauſt with cold) growne dead.

The Rubies, of her well grac't lippes quite ſpent,
And limbes, then ſnow erſt whiter, with the ſent
And colour of hels pitch, defil'd, to view
Of *Ceres*, were ſo ſtrange, ſhe ſcarce her knew:
Yet, ſeeing her ſo chang'd: gods! what a ſight
Is here (ſayth ſhe?) what bitter wofull plight?
What fault? what puniſhments are theſe? what face?
What macerated monſter of diſgrace
Is this? (ſhe addes:) who thus hath pow'r (ſhe cries)
Hath pow'r thus much on vs to tyrannize?
Why beareſt thou theſe bonds, this chaine, vnfit
For wild beaſts? Doe thy ſoft armes merit it?
Art thou (quoth ſhe) my child, or dreame I, art mine?
VVhen the vex't Image of poore *Proſerpine*
Reply'd with terrour: Mother, oh, thou blinde
Mother; oh thou to thy loſt child vnkinde!
Could'ſt thou (more cruell then the Lyons) whom
Thou kept'ſt in awe, ſo long thy comming home
Deferre; and me that was thine only deare,
So long forget, was I deſpis'd? then heare
A dolefull truth, that name of *Proſerpine*
So ſweet to thee; ſo lou'd, ſo only thine,
Only that name remaines: for, ſee, behold
VVhat puniſhment, what bonds do me infold:
But (cruell) thou in vprore with a ſong
Through *Phrigian* Cities hurri'ſt, and of wrong
To me art witleſſe; yet, if mothers breſt
Haue not quite left thee: if thou yet, of bleſt
And holy *Ceres* bear'ſt the name, let me
Begge one boone at thy hands (my liberty:)
Carry me vp againe, but if too late
I ſtriue 'gainſt *Ioue*, and my prefixed fate:

If

If backe I neuer muſt returne; yet thou,
At leaſt, with comfortable viſit now
Come ſee mee: thus ſhe ſpake, and going about
To ſtretch her hands, ſhe could not hold them out,
(So clogg'd with yr'ns) that (as ſhe vaniſht) ſhook:
(At which noyſe) *Ceres* fearefully awoke,
Glad, that the viſion had no trewer prou'd,
But ſorry for the want of her belou'd;
Vp ſtraight ſhe gets in a diſtracted mood,
And to *Cybele* doth her griefes vnloade:
No longer (ſacred Parent) can I ſtay
In *Phrigian* ground; the care calls me away
Of deareſt child, ſhe's yet a Girle and young,
Knowes not the danger of a flatt'ring tongue:
Her tender yeeres vnto all hazard yet
Doe her expoſe, nor do thoſe buildings great
And truſtie, of the *Cyclops*, me aſſure:
Each blaſt of fame, doth make me leſſe ſecure
Of ſafety (leſt ſhe to the gods reueale
My ſecret houſe) nor can the Iſle conceale
My daughters being there (it being a place
So famous) and withall th'apparent blaze
Of *Aetna*, and *Enceladus* deepe groanes
Cannot be hid, nor ſilenced his moanes.
My boading dreames in ſundry vncouth formes
Preſage, and eu'ry dreame ſends freſh alar'mes
Of doubts vnto me, my Propheticke thought
Still threatens, and hath ſtill vpon me wrought.
As often as the crowne of golden eares
Falls from my head of't ſelfe, vp get my feares
As oft, and ſtirre the bloud that on my breſt
Stands in a ſweat, whil'ſt I (perplext) no reſt

Can take: then on a ſuddaine doe ariſe
Two ſtreames, that breake from my vnwilling eyes,
My rebell hand doth beate my trembling heart,
VVhen I would touch my pipe (it ſeemes) all Art
And ſweetneſſe failes; that nothing doth remaine
But the dead ſound, and (being in this vaine)
My Tymbrel's ſtrokes, nought but ſad ſounds forth ſend;
All things (I feare) my griefes to come portend:
Delay is dangerous, ſuch words (replyes
Cybele) may they fruſtrate mount the skies;
Ioue's not ſo ſlacke: but (to her lateſt end)
VVith thunder, will be ready to defend
His pledge; but thou thy iourney onward haſte,
And backe returne, when thy falſe feare's ore'paſt:
Ceres takes leaue, the Temple leaues, and ſet
Vpon her Chariot) thinkes the Dragons yet
Are dull and lazy, with her laſh that rings
In th'ayre, belabours their alternate wings:
Tow'rd *Sicilie* ſhe driues amaine, and ſcant
O're *Ida*, but deſpaires, ſuſpects her want.
As a poore bird (of tender young bereft,
VVho to ſome tree or lower hedge were left,
Whil'ſt ſhe prepar'd them food; euer from whence
Her flight ſhe takes, a kind of troubled ſence,
Tender remorſe ſhe hath: firſt, leſt the wind
Her neſt blowe downe; next, leſt ſhe empty find
The ſame (to men or Snakes a prey) ſo ſhe,
So *Ceres*, when ſhe ſaw the cuſtodie
Faile, and the watch-folke of her houſe all gone,
The poſtes broke vp, hinges caſt downe, vpon
Her out-roomes deſolate; with ſuch a ſight
And vnexpected change, all in a fright

Her

Her clothes ſhe rent, and from her ſoft haire teares
The ſprigges and it; this madneſſe dry'd her teares,
Nor had ſhe breath to ſpeake; but hauing ſpent
VVith trembling, all her ſpirits (as ſhe went
Forward) the firſt ſtep was a ſtumble ſtill,
Yet on ſhe goes, and with a madding will
VVanders about, to view theſe emptie roomes:
(As ſhe from one into another comes)
On a diſorder'd frame at length ſhe lights,
The worker well ſhe knew, but poorely ſlights
Th'imperfect piece, for (the diuine worke, ſpy'd)
She found, that the bold Spider had ſupply'd
VVith ſacrilegious webbe, that emptie ſpace:
Yet ſhe nor wept, nor grieu'd; but kiſt the place
And cloth vnfiniſhed, vpon thoſe threds
She ſpends her dumbe complaints, and thinks ſhe reades
Her daughter, on thoſe faces: eu'ry toy
About the ſcatter'd roomes, doth ſhe enioy
And hugge for *Proſerpine*: now the chaſt couch
And forlorne bed inuites her to approach,
Which ſluttiſhly (vnmade) ſeemes to complaine
For want of the ſoft waight it did ſuſtaine.
Amaz'd ſhe ſtands, (ſtrook dumbe, in ſuch diſtreſſe
Like a poore Swaine, or ſimple Shepheardeſſe,
(Whoſe flocke, whil'ſt ſhe was farre from their reliefe
To *Africke* Lyons rage, or cunning thiefe,
Expos'd) too late can ſhe returne, and calls
The beaſts (in vaine) within their hurdle walls;
So *Ceres*: and in th'vtmoſt roome ſhe ſpy'd
Electra, Nurſe vnto her child, a tride
Seruant of hers; and of the Ocean (came.
The moſt knowne ancient Nymph (from whence ſhee

Like

Like *Ceres* ſelfe, in goodneſſe; this was ſhe
That *Proſerpine* from tender infancie
Bore at her breſt; and, till ſhe went alone,
Was vs'd for ſport, *Ioues* thigh to ſet her on.
This her Companion was, her Guard ſelect,
Whom (next her Mother) ſhe would moſt reſpect.
When her thus *Ceres* found, rob'd of her truſt,
With hoarie lockes now ſcatter'd in the duſt,
(After a volley of loud ſighes) the reines
To griefe ſhe looſens, and breathes out her paines:
VVhat ſacke is this (ſaid ſhe?) And are we giu'n
A prey to *Titans* hoaſt? Reignes *Ioue* in Heau'n?
(The Thund'rer liuing) who durſt be ſo bold?
VVho durſt commit this outrage, vncontrol'd?
Typhœus, *Alcyoneus*, haue theſe
Broke from the Mountaines, giu'n their yoakt-necks eaſe?
Or hath my neighbour *Aetna*, *Enceladus*
Freed? Or my houſehold gods, *Briareus*
And ſeat deſtroy'd? Ah, where art thou (my Deare)
Thoſe handmaids that attended on thee, where?
VVhere, where is *Cyane?* what violence,
My chanting *Syrens*, hath remou'd you hence?
Is this your faith? is this your loyaltie,
To keepe anothers Pledge from danger free?
The poore Nurſe trembled, and her griefe gaue place
To ſtronger feare; not to haue ſeene the face
Of wofull *Ceres*, ſhe would gladly haue dy'de:
Senceleſſe, amaz'd, awhile ſhe doth abide,
(As loth the doubtfull miſchiefe to diſcloſe)
Vntill at length, diſpenſing with her woes
And paſſions, thus ſhe ſpake: I would the mad
And raging Armie of the Gyants had

Beene

Beene actors in this miſchiefe; common things
Doe leſſe affect vs, ſorrow that moſt wrings
Is that which by our neereſt friends is ſought,
And ſuch is thine, for goddeſſes haue wrought,
Conſpir'd thy ruine, nay (which leaſt of all
Thou migh'tſt ſuſpect) ſiſters, did cauſe our fall:
The treach'rous gods and woundes here behold
Of enui'ous kindred, that their bloods haue ſold.
Phlegra 'gainſt heau'n was ne're ſo furious,
As heau'n 'gainſt thee (all vnpropitious)
Thy houſe a happy quiet did poſſeſſe,
While the chaſte Virgin neuer would expreſſe
A thought of gadding, or ſcarce once beſtowe
Her dainty foote (one only ſtep to goe
Ouer the threſhold) neither durſt ſhe make
A ſally to the fields, freſh ayre to take.
So ſtrict ſhe was to thy commands, ſo bent
To her lou'd worke: at which (though tyr'd and ſpent)
All the delight and ſolace ſhe deſir'd
Was, from her *Syrens* ſongs and notes admir'd.
I was her boſome friend, ſhe would impart
To me, the ioyes or ſorrowes of her heart;
I was her bed-fellow, and to each ſport
(As a companion ſhould I ſtill reſort:)
Thus paſt we fairely on, till *Venus* came
Drawne hither (doubtfull) by what blaſt of fame;
And that ſhe might the leſſe ſuſpected be,
Phœbe and *Pallas* are her companie:
With cunning ſmiles, and fain'd embraces ſoft
She often hugges thy daughter, and as oft
The name of ſiſter iterates; complaines,
On her hard Mother: that ſo much reſtraines

Her, from wisht libertie; and thinkes it strange
That thou abroad so farre from home could'st range,
And leaue her in this solitarie place;
Farre from her fathers kingdome, that the face
Of heauen scarce she sees: and (that which most
Doth pittie moue, her conuersation lost
With kindred gods) the simple Mayd gaue eare
(Caught by this wily chat, and free from feare)
The goddesses she makes her welcome ghests,
Whom, with quaint cates and *Nectar* store she feasts:
The banquet done in sport and merriment
She wore *Diana's* robe, and her bowe bent
With tender finger drew; and sought to wield
Minerua's golden head-piece, and huge shield:
But *Venus*, straight, deceitfully 'gan prayse
Aetna's high top, and to the skies to rayse
The Vallies flow'rs, and something her admir'd,
Of which, she wittingly, witlesse enquir'd:
She could not thinke, or easily beleeue
The Rose, from all those frosts preseru'd, should liue:
Or that the colder Months should there retaine
The Summers grasse, all winter to remaine;
Nor, that the tender blossomes of the Spring
Are nip't, by ang'ry *Bootes* blustering:
(Thus praysing and thus doubting) with desire
To see the place, her brest was set on fire;
Thy tender Virgins fraile, vnwary yeeres
Made her consent to goe, t'encrease my feares.
What teares spent I, to hinder her (in vaine?)
How little did my'ntreaties (fruitlesse) gaine
From her? that (now resolu'd and confident)
In sisters guard (together with them went?)

And

And (a large traine of Nymphs t'attend them ſeene
Vnto the Medowes cloth'd in laſting greene)
With the firſt morning light, when as the field
Yet chill with dewe, heau'ns liquid iuice doth yeeld
To banke of Violets; they gather'd there
The moyſt'ned flow'rs, that, with perle drops appeare:
But when the Sunne grew to the mid-dayes height,
The Pole was ceaz'd on, by vnlook't-for night:
The trembling Iſland then began to reele
And nod (ſhak't by the noyſe of Chariot wheele,
Of horſes neighing) nor could it appeare
(Whether the Coach-man Deaths fore-runner were,
Or death her ſelfe:) the graſſe and riuers great
Were dri'd, the fields, ſtraight burnt with parching heat:
All things were blaſted; there, the Priuet white
We ſawe, the Roſe and Lilly alter'd quite
From natiue ſent and colour: eu'ry flow'r
The peſtilent contagion blaſteth o're:
And (as the hoarſe fell ſteerſ-man turn'd againe,
With horrid out-cries of each beaſt the traine)
Backe with the hell-blacke Chariot returnes night,
And to the World the day-reſtored light
Diſcouers our ſad loſſe and heauineſſe:
For now no *Proſerpine*, nor goddeſſes
Were ſeene; for ſhe deare ſoule was rapt away,
And they (that act performed) made no ſtay:
Poore *Cyane* vpon the Meddow ground
Strooke dead, with cold amazement next we found;
And (as ſhe lay) the garland from her browe.
We tooke, whoſe freſher flow'rs were wither'd now
With the hot ſteame: there each of vs enquires,
And of our Miſtris hap to know deſires

Of her (who neereſt was to the ſucceſſe)
Each of vs with vncertaine doubtfulneſſe
Demands the colour of the Steeds, and who
The Coach-man was; but ſhe (that melts in woe)
Nothing replyes, of nothing vs reſolues:
But (metamorphos'd) ſecretly diſſolues
Her ſelfe into a Fountaine; that ſoft haire
Vpon her head, her feet new turned are
Into a dew; thoſe armes diffuſed growe
In ſtreams, that (following our foot-ſteps) o're-flow.
The reſt fled, and our Mer-mayds with ſwift wing
Trudge to *Pelorus*, and (for griefe) to ſing,
Since, ceaſe: and now (in ſtead of melody)
Plagues they portend, and dire mortality;
And their ſoft voices now ſerue but t'entice
Th'vnheedy Mariner, that in a trice
(Anſw'ring their calls) finds his vnhappy end;
Of all thy ſeruants, I alone t'attend
Thy ſorrowes liue: *Ceres* in deepe ſuſpence,
(Foole that ſhe was) hop't that yet no offence
Was paſt, and ſtill to come; but by and by
That moode ſhe changeth, and (with fi'ry eye
Turn'd in her head, her breſt enrag'd) aboue
Vp to the gods ſhe flings (with plaints to moue)
As a fierce Tygreſſe, when her den's forlorne
Of tender young, (by fearefull horſe-man borne
To *Perſian* king, madding) out ſtrips the wind;
(Diſperſing all her rage, and fury blind
In ſhining ſpots:) at length ſhe ouertakes
The Hunter, and with yawning wide mouth makes
Him leaue his prey; but in a ſhape of glaſſe
He coozens the poore beaſt, and ſafe doth paſſe

On-

Onward his way: th'enraged Mother thus
Throughout all heauen ſtormes: reſtore to vs
Reſtore, ſh'exclaimes; we are no wandring brood
Of ſome baſe Riuer, nor *Plebeian* blood
Of *Driades* flowes from vs; *Saturne* high
Begot me on the tow'ry *Cybele*:
Where is the priuiledge of gods then? where
You gods, of thoſe drad lawes the ſacred feare?
What bootes a vertuous life, or what? the faire
Title of good, if *Cytherea* dare,
If ſhameleſſe ſhe preſume to ſhew that face
(Vnmask't by *Lemnian* nets, to her diſgrace?)
That wholſome ſleep, the couch, thoſe twynings chaſte
Of her and *Mars*, made her thus bold at laſt
With me and mine: ſince when (no maruaile) though
Such deeds, and ſuch baſe actions from her flowe:
But what? are you turn'd *Pandoreſſes*, your;
Dian and *Pallas*, that yet neuer knew
What luſt meant? Is your mayden honour gone?
Are your vowes chang'd, that thus you waited on
Venus and her bolde Ruffian? (ſuffice:)
You both deſeru'd the bloudy ſacrifice
Of thirſty Scythian altar: let me know
The reaſon of your rage; what mou'd you ſo
'Gainſt *Proſerpine*? did ſhe in word or thought
Offend you euer, had ſhe euer ſought
T'expell thee, *Delia*, from thy groues? or e're
Did ſhe, *Tritonia*, thy ſtrong armes beare.
Or was ſh'offenſiue in her ſpeech? or rude,
(Her ſelfe into your dances to intrude?)
Oh no: *Trinacria* was her loued home,
She neuer ſtirr'd, neuer from thence would roame:

But what auail'd ſuch priuacie? no day,
No time, could keepe your enuious eyes away:
Thus ſhe the goddeſſes (that ſilent were,
Aw'd by great *Ioue*) blam'd with her ſpeech ſeuere:
(Silent) they nought would know, and no reliefe
Could giue, but teares (ſad Eccho's to her griefe)
VVhat ſhould ſhe doe? yet to another ſtraine
She (falls) into intreaties mild againe.
Pardon (quoth ſhee) yee deities, if loue,
If my too ſtrong affection, did moue
A wretch to thoſe extremes, that were vnfit;
Pardon ye Powr's diuine and pittie it.
Looke, how I kneele; looke, how mine age doth bow
Lowe at your feete: (thus proſtrate) let me know
(Only) the certainty of my ſad ſtate,
The manner of my woes vnfortunate:
(VVhat e're) let me but knowe it; I ſhall thinke,
That fate (not miſchiefe) made my fortunes ſinke:
Let me but ſee my daughter once: not? no?
Shall I, the ſearch of mine owne bloud forgoe?
But, feare not (whoſoe're thou art: thy prey
Safely enioy; I, to thy choyſe giue way.
And if the Rauiſher (you goddeſſes)
Haue brib'd you, for your ſilence? yet confeſſe,
At leaſt (*Latona*) thou, thou that too well,
Lucina's name, and our great paines canſt tell;
That double birth, the twinnes (which thou didſt beare)
VVell teſtifie, how much the loue and feare
Of children coſts vs; thou, ſtill happy art
In two, whil'ſt I of one haue loſt my part:
So maiſt thou euer (to thy wiſht deſire)
Enioy thy yellow ſonne and daughter deere.

The goddesses (at these fresh plaint's) no pow'r
Had, to refraine; but with a second show'r
Of teares, they wash't their cheekes: poore remedie
(She sayth) your weeping silence giues to me:
Ay me! they all are fled; why stand'st thou here?
VVhy stay'st thou longer, and perceiu'st not cleere,
That heauen is arm'd against thee? rather haste,
Search eu'ry nooke of land, the Ocean vaste:
I will, and follow the diurnall Sunne
(Vnweari'd) with him in swift course to runne,
Through hidden wayes; not an houre of rest,
No sleepe shall seyze vpon his troubled brest,
Till my lost pledge I finde: (whether her graue
Be digg'd by *Thetis* in *Iberian* waue;
Or in the Red-Sea she intrenched be)
No place, no secret corner shall goe free:
Not frosty *Rhenus*, or *Riphean* cold,
Nor heate of *Lybian* sands, shall me with-hold
From strictest search; and (till I find her out)
The vtmost limits will I prye throughout,
Of *Southerne* winde, and (for a further proofe)
Will visit *Boreas* in his snowie roofe:
Then, will I tread on *Atlas* in the West;
Next, with my flaming torches in the East
Hidaspes shines; then looke vpon me, *Ioue*:
Looke, how this wandring vagamund shall roue,
Through Townes and Countries: doe thou look on me,
Thou *Iuno*; and in my destruction, see
And reape thy full content: then, then, no more
Grieue at this riuall (thy base husbands whore.)
Insult yee proud gods at my fortunes mocke,
Boast your great triumph on poore *Ceres* stocke.

Thus

Thus ſpoke ſhe, and from off the lofty top
Of her knowne *Aetna* downeward ſlid, to lop
The branches from thoſe trees that muſt giue light,
And guide her errant labours in the night:
Neere to the Riuer *Acis*, ſtood a Groue
(Whoſe little ſtreames, in memorie of loue)
Faire *Galatea* to the Sea prefers,
And oft there bathes the beautious limbes of hers:
The trees grew thick here; their intangled boughs
On eu'ry ſide ſhadow high *Aetna's* browes;
Thither brought *Iupiter* the captiu'd prey
Which, he (long ſince) had got in Gyant frey:
The wood grew proud of that *Phlegræan* broile,
And victorie, cloath'd eu'ry tree with ſpoile;
Here, the vaſt iawes, and each prodigious limbe
Of Gyants hung, their heads, their faces grimme.
(Yet threatning) to thoſe boughleſſe trunks are fixt
And faſtned: ('mongſt which) the bones are mixt,
Of ſcatter'd Serpents, and their rugged skinnes
(Shrunk vp by thunder from their wither'd fiannes:)
No tree, here grew, that not preſeru'd the fame,
And of ſome conquer'd Gyant bore a name.
This, of *Aegeons* hundred hands, the ſteele,
(Whoſe waight her crooked branches bent:) did feele
That *Cæus* Armes, this ſhield of *Mimas* wore,
A groaning fourth naked *Ophion* bore.
And laſt, a Firre tree (taller then the reſt,
For broad ſhade-ſpreading leaues, 'mongſt all, the beſt)
The ſmoakie Trophies of *Enceladus*
Their king, did load: the waight (ſo ponderous)
Had broke the body of that goodly tree
(Did not a ſtrong Oake prop with neere ſupplie:

So

So ſacred was the feare and piety
To this moſt memorable groue, that free
From leaſt offence, the heauenly Trophies hung;
Nor durſt rude ſhepheards ruſtick pipe and ſong
Draw hither, their faint bleating flocks to ſhade;
Nor *Cyclop's* once with cruell axe inuade
The luſtie Oake: when *Poliphemus* ſpies
This place, he from the ſacred ſhadow flyes.
But neither deity, nor reuerence
Of zeale, religion of the place; from thence
Long kept th'incenſed *Ceres*, whoſe ſtrong arme
VVith wheeling Sythe (to their lamented harme)
Cuts downe the trunkleſſe bodies: (in this mood)
Eu'n *Ioue* ſhe wounds; the Pine tree falls, nor ſtood
The ſmoother Cedar, but doth proſtrate fall,
Here, ſhe deſtroies; there, leaues: and (laſt of all)
She lookes vpon her handy-worke, and viewes
The mangled bodies (which of them to chuſe
Fit'ſt for her purpoſe:) ſo, the Marchants care
Prouides (for ſafety of his life and ware,
VVhich he tranſports, to ſome long voyage bent)
('Gainſt angry ſtormes and tempeſts prouident.)
(Firſt, the tall Cedar and hard Beech applyde
To the maine maſt and rudder, the Barkes guide)
The ſofter wood to the light Oare he giues,
And ſtrongeſt trees for moiſture Keele contriues.
Two neighb'ring Cypreſſes, there, lift on high
Their tow'ring, vntouch't heads (that kiſſe the skie)
Such two on *Ida's* toppe, fleete *Simois*
Did neuer ſee; *Orontes*, ſuch (as theſe)
Did neuer ſprinkle with ſwift ſtreames (that flow
Vnto *Apollo's* Groue, where none ſuch grow)

So equall in their height, and boughs eſteem'd,
So eu'n they grow, that brother-twins they ſeem'd;
(Deſpiſing with their fellow-tops, the groue:)
Theſe, *Ceres* choſe for torches; and would proue
Her ſtubborn ſtrength vpon them both; when (firſt)
Her armes ſhe tuck't, then folded vp her skirt:
Next, with ſharpe axe, ſhe hewes alternately
The two, (that on the ground ſtraight groueling ly
Alike, they ſuffer'd in their fall) alike,
Their locks they ſhed, the Fawns & wet Nymphs ſhricke
(For griefe) to view their ruine (as they lay)
Shee lifts them vp, and beares with her away:
(The looſe haire turn'd ouer her ſhoulder) ſhe
Deſcends from panting Mountaines ſuddainely, (teare
Through flames ſhe goes, through craggy rockes doth
A paſſage; the parch't ſands (that skorne to beare
Her ſteppes) ſhe kickes.
So, curs'd *Megæra* haſtens the wiſht light
Of fatall Yew trees, when ſome horrid ſlight
She practiſeth 'gainſt *Cadmus*, *Theban* walls;
Or, when her malice and pale veng'ance falls
On poore *Thyeſti'an* towne; darkneſſe and Fiends
Make her a lane to paſſe (as ſhe deſcends
To *Phlegeton*) in whoſe hot waues ſhe dipp't
The deadly lights, that with his flames were typ't:
So, when the goddeſſe was arriu'd at laſt;
At the Rockes ſcorching mouth, ſhe from her caſt
The Cypreſſes, into thoſe iawes (her face
Turn'd from the ſmoake) now eu'ry hollow place
Was fill'd, and the contracted fire (with-drawne)
Kept in the flames, and ſtopt their wauing yawne:

The Mountaine rumbles, *Mulciber* 'gan ſtriue
(Halfe choak't) th'impriſon'd vapours to relieue.
When, loe; the berry-bearing Cypreſſe leaues
Did ſhine, and ſulphure mixt(that to them cleaues)
Made the boughs crackle, and high *Aetna* raiſe
His old flames higher by this new-come blaze.
Then tooke ſhe vp the fire-brands (whoſe dimme light
Leſt it ſhould faile her in the tedious flight)
She 'nointed with the iuice that *Phaeton*
His Steeds; and liquor that the Moone, vpon
Her Heifers, ſprinkles. Now ſoft reſt doth creepe
On mortall browes, their eye-lids folds in ſleepe:
Whil'ſt she(with griefe-torne heart vpon her way
And progreſſe) ſomething thus t'her ſelfe would ſay:
Full little did I thinke (while thou wert mine)
To looke thee with theſe lights(my *Proſerpine*;)
Lou'd Mothers wishes, feruent ſtrong deſire
Of marri'ge bed, and holy Nuptiall fire
Were my delights: and oh! how I did long,
In heau'n to heare the *Saffron Hymens* ſong.
But *Lacheſis* (that makes no difference
'Twixt men and gods) would not with me diſpence:
How honour'd was I lately, how ador'd
By Suters great, that me for thee implor'd?
What Mother (though she ne're ſo fruitfull were)
But thought me happier then her ſelfe (to beare
Eu'n thee alone) my firſt, my lateſt ioy:
By thee my barrenneſſe did fruit enioy:
By thee was I a goddeſſe (deifi'd)
(Whil'ſt thou my glory wer't, thy Mothers pride:)
I neuer vnto *Iuno* 'inferior was
(Whil'ſt thou had'ſt being ſquallid now and baſe)

Gramercie, *Ioue*: but why giue I a part
To him? (my ſelfe the cauſer of my ſmart)
'Twas I, 'twas cruell I; now I diſcloſe
My careleſneſſe, that thee, to buſie foes
Forſaken, left: whil'ſt I (ſecurely glad)
Friſk't to the noyſe of *Bacchus* daunces (madde)
And with the ſound of ratling armes (vnkind)
(Whil'ſt thou wert rapt) the *Phrigian* Lion ioin'd
To the ſwift Chariot; but behold (my ſweet)
The puniſhment for theſe deſeruings meet.
Looke on the gaping wounds vpon my face,
The red-turn'd furrowes, that my breſt deface;
My wombe (vnmindfull) that it thee had borne,
Looke, how by frequent ſtrokes 'tis rent and torne:
Where ſhall I ſeeke thee, in which heauen aboue?
Vnder what Clymate here, on earth do'ſt moue?
What guide, what tracke ſhall leade me? (might I know
But in what kind of Chariot thou didſt goe,
Where the damn'd thiefe doth liue, in earth or ſeas?)
The print of the ſwift wheeles my ſight would pleaſe.
I goe, I goe, where my faint plants ſhall guide,
Whether blind chance: ſorrow, like this betide
Diona (all forſaken) may ſhe looke
For her loſt *Venus*.
Shall it be lawfull, will ſome Deſtinie
Giue way (my child) that once more I may ſee,
Once more embrace thee? doth that beauty reigne
Vpon thy cheekes, and freſhneſſe ſtill remaine?
Or ſhall I hap (vnhappy) to behold
Thee ſuch, as night and dreams haue oft foretold?
Thus ſayd ſhe; and the firſt ſtep ſhe aduanc't
From *Aetna*, on the flow'rs to light, ſhe chanc't:

Thoſe

Thoſe flowr's, that to her griefe, her daughters fate
Were conſcious: ſhe deteſts with curſing hate
Thoſe, and the place (made priuie to the rape:) (ſhape,
Then (through confus'd pathes) ſhe her courſe doth
Pryes through the fields with blazing light, and lowe
Sh'inclines the brands (all comfortleſſe) in woe,
With teares ſhe bathes her cheekes: teares, that abound;
(Producing ſighes and groanes, that with their ſound
Ring in th'ayre and woods) the flaming light
Now ſpreds on farre, whoſe ſhadow in calme night
Swimmes on the Seas; the blaze of it doth flie
To Lybian coaſt, and bankes of Italy;
Th'*Etruſcan* ſhore was bright and cleerly ſeene,
And (from th'inflamed Seas) the *Sirtes* ſhine.
Next vnto *Scilla's* dennes ſhe goes, the light
Vnuſuall, thoſe mad dogges did affright:
VVhil'ſt (ſome aſtoniſht) ſilent were (the reſt
More hardy) bark't at their vnwelcome gueſt.

Finis Libri Tertij.

FINIS.